

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WIRELESS CALL TO SANTA CLAUS

See  
Page  
Two

### ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT

#### THE TRAGIC TALE OF A CHIMNEY

##### Workman Whose Mate Fell From His Side

#### THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE

On the top of a chimney stack 140 feet high at Leeds two men were working on the scaffolding, and were taking out the uppermost bricks down to the stone collar which clasps such chimneys and juts out from the circular walls.

They had just climbed up the ladder to the scaffolding after dinner, past the stone collar to the very top, when, without any warning, the stone collar broke away. It swept one man away with it, crashed through the wooden scaffolding, and bricks and stone and workman went hurtling to the ground.

##### A Jump for Life

Only one man saw the accident. He was the man who was left, and he felt it rather than saw it. He heard a gasping cry, just one word, *Oh!* from his fellow steeplejack, Clive Smith, and as the brickwork slipped some inner warning bade him jump for his life. It must have been Providence which prompted him, said this man simply, when afterwards telling the tale. It must indeed have been Providence which directed him, for a more desperate and fortunate leap cannot be imagined. He jumped *upwards!*

He leaped upwards from the falling scaffolding, through the slipping bricks and over them, so that he landed with his arms and part of his chest hanging over the inside of the chimney.

##### Like a Fly on a Wall

Sick and trembling, he clung there, like a fly on a wall, but with not a fly's security. Any moment his quivering muscles might fail him and he would plunge headlong to the earth after his companion. If the brickwork should slip again he was doomed. If these bricks give, said this man to himself, *I'm a goner!* That is the man's own saying, for he lived to tell the tale.

The story from Cassidy's own lips of those desperate moments tells what was in his mind, as well as what happened. Fumbling in the hollow of the chimney stack he clutched an iron stay. He hung there minutes—Cassidy says it was minutes, but it may have been less, for even seconds would seem ages long to him. Then his courage came back and he pulled himself up and hoisted his legs straddlewise over the chimney's rim. He looked down. On the ground he saw, with a shudder, his mate's body lying flung out on the ground. Nobody had yet come to find it.

Cassidy's heart still beat fearfully, but breathing was growing easier. Presently his senses calmed. He began methodically to wriggle his way along the chimney's rim to where the ladder

### The Lamas at the Zoo



The lamas from Tibet who have been visiting London have been to see the llamas at the Zoo. They were greatly interested in all they saw at Regent's Park, where they particularly admired the fine Bactrian camel, another visitor from Asia

rested against the stack. It was dangerous work. The treacherous brickwork might again give way. Behind the ladder resting against the brickwork were jammed some of the blocks of the stone collar.

But now command of his mind was coming back to Cassidy. He tested the ladder. It seemed all right. Then he lifted the stones out and dropped them down the inside of the chimney. He was quite cool now, and he stepped on the ladder and came down to the ground.

That was all. That is Cassidy's own story. But when he reached the ground where people had now gathered he must have seemed to them like a man returned from the dead.

He said to someone that night that he was not right yet; he still felt nervous. And as he had the next day to set a ladder against another high chimney, he added that he did not fancy the job. The simplicity of it! It is of that sort of stuff that the heroes of desperate enterprises are made.

### THE WILD GEESE ARE CALLING

THE cry of the wild goose has been heard in Norfolk, a sure presage of winter.

Mr. M. G. Best, who knows the wild bird sanctuary on the East Coast well, says the grey geese return every year. The village folk know them well and look for their coming. When they pass overhead at night they have a cry like a pack of hounds.

Perhaps it is this which has given birth to the legends about ghostly packs that are said to hunt a ghostly fox at night.

The geese feed on fields or marshes by the sea: and a belt of fir trees has

been reserved as a sanctuary for them. But they always fly out to sea at dusk to sleep and come back just before the break of dawn.

When really hard weather sets in the wild swans come from Scandinavia, where they have been frozen out. The swans have some sort of bird wireless which always seems to tell them when the ice in the Northern seas breaks up and the waters are open again. Twenty-four hours afterwards these interesting visitors to our shores unfailingly take their tickets for home.

### WHAT AN ASTRONOMER SAW LOOKING DOWN ON EARTH

#### How the Royal Observatory Saved a Tower

#### VICAR SEES HIS CHURCH BY TELESCOPE

The business of the telescopes at the great Observatory at Greenwich is to discover the facts about other worlds; it is a rare event indeed for one of them to discover a crack in this!

Yet this has come about, and the Astronomer Royal, Sir Frank Dyson, has been good enough to give the C.N. the details of a remarkable and interesting story.

Greenwich Observatory, which nightly turns its telescopic eyes to the heavens, looks by day over London, smouldering and glittering in the haze. Churches stand up among the wilderness of houses, their spires, like the telescopes, pointing to the skies.

##### Using the Church Spire

The astronomers have a use for the church spires. They employ them for sighting their instruments; and one day Mr. Lewis, a Royal Observatory assistant, turned a small telescope which he was using on the spire of St. John's Church, Blackheath.

He found something surprising, not so astonishing as a new fissure in the Moon, but far more important to the vicar and congregation of St. John's, for a crack ran zigzagging down the steeple. It looked so wide and ominous that Mr. Lewis wrote to the vicar to tell him of it.

The vicar was a man of action. He telephoned to the Astronomer Royal, who, himself a little astonished at this new use of our Royal Observatory, made inquiries. Having found how the crack had been observed, Sir Frank Dyson courteously invited the vicar to come and see it for himself. The vicar did so, and when the crack was afterwards examined by a steeplejack it was found to be so dangerous that the church was closed and repairs were put in hand immediately.

##### The Castaways On a Raft

The discovery was something more important than a coincidence: it reminds us of that story of the sea where a ship's captain, turning his eyes from his book at sunset, saw silhouetted against the sinking Sun the mast of a distant raft on which some castaways were at their last gasp.

The sight which met the gaze of Mr. Lewis at Greenwich was not so dramatic as that, but it was urgent and important. If the astronomer had not seen the crack the steeple might some day have come crashing down on the worshippers in St. John's Church.



## WHERE 1925 BEGINS THE DATE LINE

What It Means and Why It is  
Not Straight

### MYSTERIES OF TIME

The New Year does not begin in England. Twelve hours before it dawns in London it will have come to the other side of the Earth and will then creep slowly across Asia and Europe till at last it reaches us.

While we are watching to see the first hour of 1925, mariners away on the other side of the world will have passed half a day of the New Year.

Einstein would say it is all a question of relativity. As the Earth turns round on its axis the Sun is shining upon it, and the light travels round and round, so that every moment of every year a new day is dawning somewhere.

### An Irregular Line

But for the convenience of reckoning we must suppose that a new day and a new year begin at some particular part of the Earth, and men have therefore fixed a date line, following as far as possible the 180th meridian of longitude. There the New Year is reckoned as beginning.

The line is rather irregular, as can be seen on our map, for a number of deviations to east and west are made, so that certain places, linked together by commercial or political ties, may be on the same side of the line and have the same date.

Kamchatka, for instance, instead of being cut in two by the line, is left wholly on the east, and thus gets the same date throughout. The line then takes another bend, so that the Aleutian Islands may have the same date as Alaska. Farther south it is again deflected so as to include the Fiji and Tonga Islands on the same side as New Zealand.

Of course, strange things sometimes happen, for if a ship should be crossing the International Date Line just as 1924 was giving place to 1925, half the vessel might be in the old year and half in the new year. A sailor might be lying with his head in 1924 and his feet in 1925.

### Relativity of Time

Time is merely a convenient arrangement designed by man for measuring the passing of events. It is purely relative—that is to say, the past or future is related to something else.

It seems very easy to us to tell the time at any hour of the day by looking at the clock, but places in different longitudes right round the world cannot have the same times according to the Sun. As a matter of fact, according to the Sun, no two places can have the same time unless they have exactly the same longitude, but this difficulty is overcome by dividing the civilised world into 24 time-zones, each zone carrying 15 degrees, and the 24 zones corresponding with the 24 hours of the day. The idea is that all places in a particular zone shall set their clocks to the same time, and at sea this rule is rigidly observed. But on land there are, here and there, certain modifications so as to include in the same zone places closely allied politically or commercially. The whole of the British Isles, for example, are reckoned as in the same time-zone.

### Countries With Several Zones

Some countries cover so much of the Earth's surface that they are divided into several zones, and there again there are modifications to link up with the same clock-time cities and areas closely allied by business ties. The less civilised countries have no standard time-zones.

In the map on page 5 the vertical lines are meridians of longitude. The actual time-zones are reckoned by taking 7½ degrees east and west of each of these meridians, so that each zone is 15 degrees wide, except where it is modified as we have explained.

The uniform clock-time observed in a time-zone is known as Standard Time.

## WIRELESS CALL TO SANTA CLAUS

HOW FATHER CHRISTMAS  
CAME TO ST. PETER'S

The Toys that Cheered the  
Hearts of the Poor

### A DAY'S GOOD DEED

Santa Claus was forestalled this year. The children who have taken the matter in hand marched once more by the hundred to take their toys to St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, London, so that children poorer than themselves should have their dolls and scooters, their toy soldiers and Teddy bears, in good time.

This year's service at the church was more up-to-date than ever. Poor Santa Claus, who had given orders for his reindeer coach on Christmas Eve, must have felt sadly put out when he heard the appeal for toys on the wireless. That was how the toy service was arranged.

### A Broadcast Message

The Vicar of St. Peter's broadcast his yearly children's service, and asked all who could to send their toys, not broken worn-out old things which the owners had tired of, or Teddy bears without stuffing, or engines that had come unstuck, but the toy-companions that they really liked. If those were given, that would be parting with treasure to be laid up in heaven.

The broadcast message went everywhere; it went out to sea, and the captain of a ship far out on the Atlantic heard it. It went farther than that, for it went right down into the hearts of thousands of children.

### A Toy Service

They could not all get to Cranley Gardens, so many of them sent letters from all over the country with their toys. But there were hundreds who went to the great Toy Service. They came from the squares, and the big houses, and the tall flats of Kensington and Knightsbridge; they came from the mews and the dingy little streets. Some came in motor-cars and some were wheeled in perambulators. Some London children, half bold, half shy, walked in couples to support one another as they approached the church and entered through the big doors. But rich and poor, gentle and simple, each and every one clutched a toy to lay on the altar of pity and sacrifice, for the little ones in hospitals and in the homes of the poor.

### Procession of Toy-Bearers

There was a prayer and a procession, the great little procession of the toy-bearers who came to lay down their gifts. Here and there a tiny one, when the great moment came for parting with the prized possession, looked as if a tear went with the gift. Some hastily put their offering down and skipped back in relief at escaping from the glare of such publicity. And some thought it the most splendid joke in the world!

Smiles and a tear, kindness of the heart and thanksgiving for the gentleness that begins with childhood and, please God, shall never end there—such were the thoughts and lessons that young and old brought back from this Toy Service. Our love to the Vicar of St. Peter's and to all his host of little people scattered far and wide.

### DEATH OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST

Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, the author of the Limerlost series of novels, breezy stories of the open air, has died as the result of a motor-car accident at Los Angeles. Ten million copies of her books have been sold, the most famous being Freckles and A Girl of the Limerlost.

## END OF THE RULE OF FORCE

AN AGREEMENT  
BETWEEN EQUALS

Britain and Germany Return  
to the Pre-War State

### A PROMISING NEW BEGINNING

A real landmark in the world's progress from war to peace has been reached with the signature of the new Anglo-German Treaty.

Up to the tenth of January we have commercial rights against Germany, given us as the fruits of victory, but at that date, five years after the Peace, these rights lapse, so that it has been necessary to negotiate a new treaty. This treaty has been negotiated as by equals, and not as between victor and vanquished, the first treaty "between equals" since the war began.

It is very satisfactory to find that the new treaty, which has just been published, is at least as satisfactory as the old one. We have got by equal bargaining a thoroughly sound agreement, very much more favourable to us than anything we had before the war. We are promised that whatever advantages are granted to any other country shall be granted to us too, not only in name but in fact—an arrangement which prevents any other nation getting free passage for its goods without our getting the same privilege for similar goods from England.

On our side all the old restrictions on the coming of Germans or of German goods into this country disappear. So far as we are concerned Germany ceases to be an enemy State or even an enemy State, and rejoins the brotherhood of nations.

## HOW WE GET OUR LIVING

Occupations of the People

### NEWS FROM AN OLD CENSUS

It is more than three years since the last census of inhabitants was taken in England and Wales, yet the results are still being tabulated. The latest volume contains new tables of the occupations of the people.

The largest single group is that called Personal Service (including institutes, clubs, hotels, and so on). Over two million people come under that head, of whom more than a million are indoor domestic servants, all but 60,000 of them women. So that when people talk of it being impossible to get servants the reply is that there are a million of them, about as many as the miners!

The only other groups in the running at all for numbers are the metal workers (1,650,000); commercial, finance, and insurance occupations (1,560,000); transport and communications (1,480,000); and agriculture (1,250,000).

Another interesting table shows the number of people in employment at different ages. The age of greatest employment is between 25 and 34. Those over seventy are one in fifty. In agriculture one in twenty is over seventy, in mining one in 240, and among clergymen one in twelve!

One would not look for a great number of agriculturists in London, yet there are 43,000 of them in Greater London. In the whole of Lancashire there are less than half as many again.

There are 83,000 women in agriculture, 166 are fishermen, and six are aviators.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Aphrodite . . . . .	Af-ro-di-to
Cimabue . . . . .	Che-ma-booy
Fiesole . . . . .	Fey-so-lay
Phidias . . . . .	Fid-e-as
Praxiteles . . . . .	Prax-it-e-leez

## LIFE-SAVERS AND LIFE-TAKERS

How the Pigeons Went  
to the Rescue

### TWO SCENES ON THE FRENCH COAST

Our little friend the carrier-pigeon, who proved himself such a help in time of war, has again demonstrated how he can serve mankind in time of peace.

Two hydroplanes, whose pilots were searching for a lost airman from Portugal, were forced by bad weather to land on the water a few miles from the French coast. Fortunately they had with them some carrier-pigeons, which they sent off with messages.

Before many hours had passed one of the birds was picked up by a French fisherman, who read the message tied round its leg and reported it at the French naval base of Cherbourg. A wireless message was sent to French warships operating in the neighbourhood where the airmen were stranded, and the men were saved before any harm had come to them.

So these pigeons saved these men wrecked off the French coast. Yet at this moment there are men on another part of the French coast who delight, day by day, in shutting up pigeons in a dark box and shooting them (or wounding them) as they fly out, dazzled and bewildered. Year by year this butchery goes on at Monte Carlo.

## THE NEGLECTED RIVER

London's Wasted Highway

### L.C.C. STOP A GREAT SCHEME

Visitors to London are amazed that no use is made of the great river flowing through it for easing the overcrowding of the streets; yet the London County Council has rejected the scheme of Sir Samuel Instone for running passenger boats from Chelsea to Greenwich.

Sir Samuel Instone, as already explained in the C.N., offered to provide and run the boats and to contribute out of the fares towards the cost of the landing-stages if the L.C.C. would build the stages. But the L.C.C. decided that the balance of the cost would be too much to ask the ratepayers to meet in these hard times.

There can be no doubt that if they had believed there was a large enough demand for river trips they would have risked the money, but years ago the Council ran boats of their own, and could not make them pay, and they have lost faith in the idea.

The truth is, no doubt, that the old service was so slow that people had not the time to use it, but there is as much difference between the old horse trams and the present electric trams as there is between the old paddle-steamers and the swift motor-boats now proposed.

Considering the immense amount the Council has to spend on keeping the streets fit for traffic, and the terrible waste of the blundering mismanagement of the traffic, it is a little difficult to see why the L.C.C. should be frightened at this trifling sum of money.

## A RIDE ACROSS AUSTRALIA

2200 Miles in Nine Days

It is surely more than a nine days' wonder that Australia should be crossed by motor-car in nine and a half days. That is what Mr. Francis Birtles has done.

His starting point was Port Darwin, in the extreme north, and his goal was Adelaide, in the south. The distance is 2200 miles, so that Mr. Birtles's average run was about 230 miles a day. He travelled 17 hours in each 24. The country is, of course, very rough, so that he could travel only by daylight.

Nevertheless, it is believed the journey could be done in seven days.



## A RARE LADY OF LONG AGO

### PRAXITELES AND HIS LOST STATUE

#### Fragment of a Wondrous Masterpiece of Ancient Greece CHRISTMAS BOX FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

By Our Art Correspondent

Another lovely thing has come home to the British Museum, a rare treasure which thousands of people are going to see. It is a glorious Christmas Box for our great treasure house.

It is a part of a marble statue of great antiquity, said by experts to be a copy of one of the greatest statues the ancient world ever knew, the Aphrodite of Praxiteles.

Praxiteles lived in Greece in the fourth century before Christ. He was one of the three greatest sculptors in that land of genius. Had his work been preserved, and that of a few others with Phidias at the head, it would have reduced the sculptors of later centuries to a state of blended admiration and despair, and probably kept much that was false out of the art of Europe.

#### Vanished Masterpieces

Ancient Greece, which held more beauty within her small borders than any other country before or since, fell under the blight of war; was ransacked, pillaged, burned. Even the marble copies which later Greeks and some Romans of merit made of the glorious masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles have disappeared, or been burned, or have been built into the walls of Roman villas.

In the face of this sad loss it will be understood that anything, any small copy or scrap of an original which remains of the glory that was Greece, is looked on as a treasure of immeasurable value. That is why the C.N. is rejoicing today to think of a copy of one of these masterpieces having found its way into our national treasure house.

This masterpiece, which unhappily has never been recovered, was a statue of the goddess Aphrodite, whom the Romans called Venus. It showed her in an exquisite poise, about to enter the sea, and ancient writers singled the statue out for lavish praise.

#### Statue on a Coin

The Aphrodite statue was set in the temple of the goddess at Cnidus, a town of ancient Greece. The people there admired it so much that they cast it on their coins; that is how the image of it has been preserved, and that is why experts have been able to recognise copies of it. The statue was freely copied, both as a whole and in parts, but most of the copies have been lost.

One is in the Vatican, one in Munich. Both show the difference between the original and the copy. We know from one precious statue by Praxiteles himself, the Hermes at Olympia, how exquisite was his treatment of the marble.

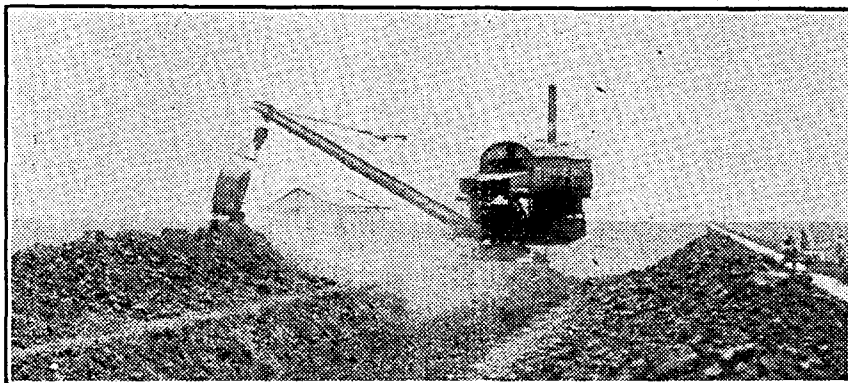
#### Genius of a Sculptor

This delightful technique, which was the peculiar genius of Praxiteles, failed to appear in most copies made by other artists. Something of its quality, and a good deal of the grace of the poise, distinguish the bust now on view in the British Museum.

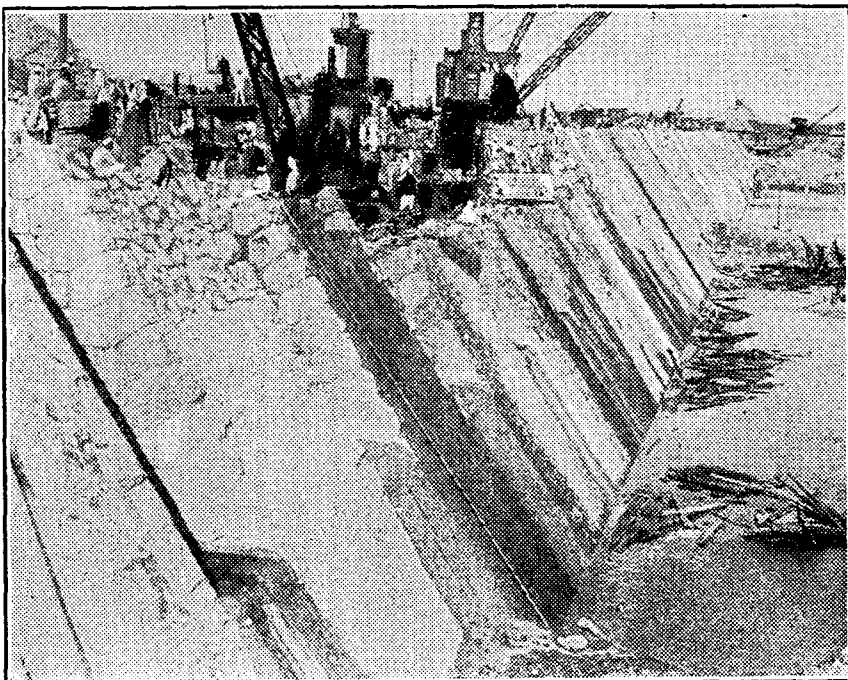
We can see much more clearly what was the genius of this sculptor from another Aphrodite bust which Lord Leconfield has kindly lent to the British Museum. Some experts go so far as to say that it is either by Praxiteles himself or by one of his pupils.

The texture of the Leconfield marble has the marvellous looseness which sets the Hermes apart from any other work; the mouth is faintly smiling, the face dreaming through the marble as if it were the real countenance captured in sleep and turned into stone.

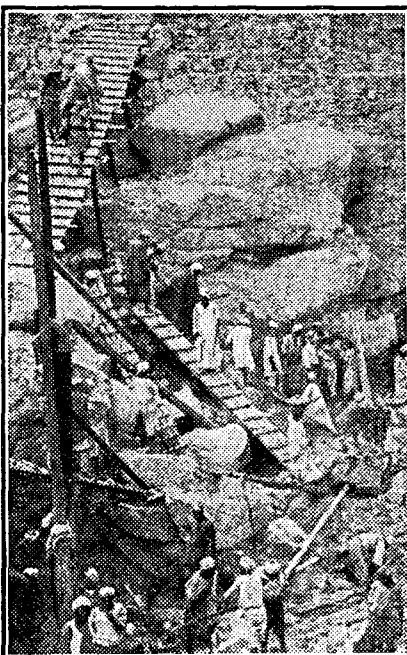
## NILE WATER FOR THE SUDAN



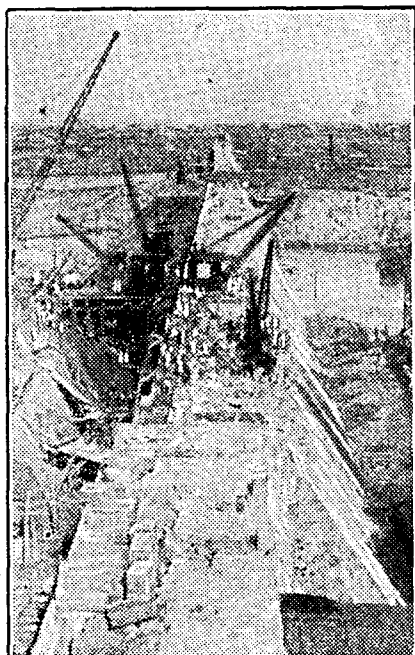
The big excavator at work



The central portion of the great Sennar dam being built



The curious ladder staircase used by the native workmen



A view of the Sennar dam taken from the top of the masonry



A flourishing field of cotton in the Sudan

These pictures show the great Sennar dam which is being built in the Gezira plain to hold up water supplies for the irrigation of the Sudan cottonfields, one of which is seen in the bottom picture, with native pickers gathering the crop

## FREE REPUBLIC OR A DESPOTISM

### WHICH SHALL TURKEY BE?

#### Democratic Feeling Beginning to Assert Itself

#### KEMAL PASHA AND HIS CRITICS

It is over a year now since Turkey elected Kemal Pasha President of the Republic. The opponents of the change said it was only an exchange of one absolute ruler for another. How far have they proved right?

Unquestionably Kemal Pasha is at present in complete control. He is at the head of the Popular party, to which practically all the members of the Assembly belong, and whatever the party decides on the Assembly carries through. That was natural enough, to begin with, because it was Kemal who proposed a Republic, and everybody who wanted a Republic joined his party.

But for some time now some of the ablest of the men who helped him to establish the Republic have been complaining that no room is allowed for differences of opinion, and that while one man is President, head of the Army, and leader of the dominant party as well, real self-government is impossible. The President, in other words, is virtually an autocrat, as the old sultan was.

#### President or Dictator

And so an advanced wing has been growing within the party with a programme for reducing the President's power. They ask that he should raise himself above party by resigning the party leadership, that he should call off the organised system of abuse of all those who dare to criticise the Government, and that changes should be made in the electoral system which will give a chance of election to people who have not pledged themselves beforehand to support the Government.

This new group, which is growing rapidly, declares itself absolutely loyal to the Republic; it wishes Kemal to remain as President, but not as dictator.

The change of Government which has just taken place, when Fehty Bey replaced Ismet Pasha as Prime Minister, is regarded as acknowledging their power, though Fehty Bey, an able and high-minded man, is a follower of Kemal.

## AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

### President's Message

#### LIKELY TO JOIN THE PERMANENT COURT OF JUSTICE

The annual Message to Congress of the American President is usually regarded as a very important document.

This year, however, it was addressed to a House of Representatives which has less than three months to live, and is not expected to accomplish anything much before it gives place to the new House at the beginning of March.

The Senate, unlike the House, changes only a third of its membership as a result of the elections of November, so that its life is more or less continuous. And it is what the President said on matters with which the Senate is primarily concerned (foreign affairs) that is really important.

Mr. Coolidge (whose address was read by the Clerk because the President was opening a Livestock Show!) said once more that he favoured America's joining the Court of International Justice, without asking first for its separation from the League of Nations, as some of his party have foolishly demanded. It is believed that the Senate definitely intends to do this before the present Congress expires.

That would be an immense gain to the cause of international peace, and probably prove to be the first of a series of moves toward the complete cooperation for the prevention of war, which few people doubt must be America's final goal.



## CAPTIVE LIONS OF INDIA

### HOW THE KING OF BEASTS WENT TO THE EAST

#### African Immigrants Replacing the Lost Natives

#### SANCTUARY IN A GREAT FOREST

By Our Natural Historian

The C.N. has often told its readers that India has lost its representatives of the King of Beasts.

Yet a year or two ago a lion and a lioness arrived at the London Zoo from our great dependency.

Now we learn that Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, has been lion-shooting there, helping to reduce the excessive number of these animals by slaying two in the forest of Gir. C.N. readers may be pardoned if they feel that they have been misled.

Yet the facts are as we have stated, and the apparent contradiction is explained by a strange romance of natural history.

Lions once teemed in India, as tigers still do. A tiger, by the way, has lately killed an English chaplain at Shimoga, after tearing off his left arm. We seem unable seriously to reduce their numbers. But the lions were slain in such numbers, and for so long, that only a few remained in all that vast land.

#### Lions Preserved Like Pheasants

These few lions were given sanctuary in the great forest of Gir, in the State of Junagarh, and there they were preserved as pheasants are preserved in the game-shooting areas of England.

Once a European prince visiting India, having experienced all the excitements the land afforded him save one, asked to be allowed to shoot a lion.

The courteous host of the Western snob ordered a hunt to be organised, and the prince had his desire. He did shoot a lion. But, to his great horror, he found, when he examined it, that its claws were gilded! It had been turned out of the host's menagerie, where it had been kept in great honour.

Still there are many lions in India, we see: big lions, fierce lions; and the meaning of it all is that India sent to Africa for them! She replenished her stock from another continent.

#### Carried Across the Indian Ocean

The Indian lions which the Zoo received were African lions bred in the private menagerie of the Rajah of Nagpur. The lions which Lord Reading has just shot are descended from the lions sent from Africa, where one of their ancestors maimed Livingstone for life.

They were trapped in Africa for India, as they used to be trapped for the circuses and arenas of ancient Rome. They were carried across the Indian Ocean in sailing ships. They were liberated in the forest of Gir, not at large in the country. Others were taken to the menageries of Indian princes.

In the forest the lions have waxed great and abundant in numbers. But they are maned lions, not maneless, like the native Indian species. They retain their old ferocity; they have, in the absence of persecution, even increased in audacity and taken to killing domestic animals and human beings.

## LABORATORY ON WHEELS

### Helping the Farmers

The Government of Ohio has a wonderful laboratory on wheels, which it sends around the country to help the farmers with their soil troubles.

Hundreds of samples of defective or worn-out soil are examined and analysed, and advice given as to the kind of fertiliser to use or the kind of crop to grow. The value of a service like this can hardly be estimated.

## DO WE RIDE ON EXTINCT FISHES?

### Where Does the Petrol Come From?

#### NEW IDEA OF ITS ORIGIN

In the disputed question of how petroleum got into the Earth's strata there is one school of geologists which asserts that, like coal, it was formed out of the vast vegetable deposits of the Carboniferous Age, and another which believes it was not vegetable in origin but was made out of the vast remains of animals.

If it is an animal oil, then the most likely animals to have furnished it were fishes, and this is the view of Professor J. M. Macfarlane of the University of Pennsylvania. He is confirmed in his views by the fact that fish oil will yield practically all that petroleum contains.

His idea is that before the continents assumed their present shape they were covered with great shallow lakes crowded with teeming multitudes of fish. These lakes dried up, or their bottoms were filled up by the rise of the land and the destruction wrought in great volcanic eras. The dead fish were entombed in heaps or drifts over hundreds of thousands of square miles, and the oil set free by their decomposition drifted with the sinking waters and united with the clay to make the oil shales.

It used to be thought that we ran our cars on the backs of trilobites; now it is held by most experts that we run them on the remains of ancient plants and vegetation. Are we to believe that we go riding about on the backs of fishes? It is an interesting idea!

## YOUNG GERMANY

### A Movement for the Future PLEDGE OF FITNESS

Those who were in Germany before the war will remember that it was common to see on Sundays and holidays parties of youths, dressed unconventionally with open-necked shirts, going off to enjoy a tramp through the country.

It was a movement of rebellion against town life.

Since the war this Youth Movement has grown to enormous dimensions. It has become the German form of our own Scout movement. It is said that it has come to represent, for a great many young people of both sexes, a movement for regenerating the life of Germany.

The members pledge themselves not to live luxurious lives, and to train themselves to become both morally and physically fit. They worship music, and march to the sound of their own voices accompanied by guitars and mandolins. Often they sleep in the open air, and it is part of their creed that their dress should be exceedingly simple, thus embodying a revolt against the tyranny of fashionable clothes.

We do not know how far this movement will go, but many Germans believe that the high standard of conduct which is inculcated will have a profound effect upon the future of their race.

## BOOING AND WOMBLING

### The Little Games of Great Men

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in telling some stories of the way great speakers prepare their speeches, has presented the language with a new word—to wobble.

He says that his father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, once remarked to Mr. Gladstone's private secretary that the Grand Old Man had told him he hardly ever prepared his speeches. "I don't know what he means by preparation," rejoined the secretary. "If he means that he doesn't sit down and write, I dare say it's true, but he lies on a sofa and wobbles it in his inside."

Professor Tyndall once told a member of the C.N. staff that he liked to walk about in his garden at Hindhead by himself booing his science. Something like Mr. Gladstone's wobbling!

## A QUEER MIX UP IN TANGIER

### How Not To Do Things GOVERNMENTS AND THEIR CLUMSY WAYS

The Governments of Europe have not made very startling progress in the business of effective cooperation, in spite of the example of the League of Nations, if we are to judge by the way they have bungled affairs at Tangier.

After infinite trouble the three Powers most closely interested in the welfare of this beautiful Moorish town arranged, a year ago, a new scheme of self-government in which each nationality was to have its share—Europeans, Moors, and Jews. The moment arrived the other day for the new system to come into effect, but only the three Powers immediately concerned (Britain, France, and Spain) had given their approval. The rest had done nothing.

Now, under the Treaty of Algeiras, which settled the future of Morocco, none of the subjects of the Powers who signed that treaty can be placed under the authority of the new Tangier Government without the consent of those Powers. So that, while the subjects of Britain, France, and Spain, as well as the Moors and the Jews, are subject to the new law courts and police, and must pay taxes to the new authority, the subjects of Italy, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States need pay no taxes, may defy judges and police.

Worse still, if possible, Belgium has not appointed a commander for the new police force, and till she has done so the old police force cannot be reorganised, and it is even doubtful whether it now has any legal existence.

It is said that all these defaulting Powers but Italy, who has a strong grievance of her own, will sign the agreement before long, and in the meantime the high Moorish official who is to preside over the legislative assembly in the name of the Sultan has been received with appropriate ceremonial. We must hope that things will soon be straightened out, but it is not a good beginning!

## ESTHONIA

### The Little State Six Years Old

The little six-year-old State of Esthonia, on the Gulf of Finland, close to Russia, has just shown how harmless the much-talked-of Bolshevik menace may be in countries where the people are happy and satisfied.

An actual outbreak gave the opportunity for a rising if the rebels had had any popular support behind them; but there was no support, and the handful of revolutionaries found themselves quickly overpowered.

Esthonia enjoys a really democratic parliamentary system, and a land system which has created a great peasant community, the most stable of all societies under intelligent government. So when the call came to rise and avenge their wrongs they sat still, because there were no wrongs to avenge!

## A GREAT TREE PASSES

### Old King Shortleaf

One of America's most famous old trees has fallen at last.

Old King Shortleaf, as it was known all over the land, was struck by lightning and had to be cut down. For 300 years it had stood there until its height (122 feet) made it the monarch of the great southern forests. The tree was nearly eight feet in diameter at the stump, and the lowest branch was 91 feet above the ground.

Twenty thousand board-feet of lumber have been obtained from this tree, enough to build a comfortable house.

## TAKING NO RISK

### How the Great Zeppelin was Protected from Fire

#### DANGER OF A BAG OF HYDROGEN

The inflammable nature of hydrogen is well known, and also its explosive properties when mixed with air.

These render it a very great danger when millions of cubic feet of the gas are collected in a big airship, as in the case of the Z R 3, which not long ago crossed the Atlantic to America.

Realising the dangers should the hydrogen be fired, the United States authorities took elaborate precautions to prevent any disaster when the ship landed in America.

An order was posted at the aviation camp at Lakehurst, New Jersey, explaining the dangers, and directing that, till the airship was safely housed and the hydrogen removed from her gas-bags, the following apparatus in and about the hangar was to be put out of action: Overhead cranes, all electric motors, all buzzers and lights in lifts, the circuits of all floor lights, the starting equipment for deflation motors, the wireless compass house elevated leads, the electric lights over the petrol tanks, and the fire warden telephone.

Another paragraph prohibited the use of all types of electric flash-lamps, except the gas-tight miner's electric light.

By these means it was ensured that no spark could reach the gas in the airship to fire it or cause an explosion.

## THE MAN AT THE DOOR

### And the Man from the Palace

In the doorway of a shop in High Street, Kensington, stands a partly-paralysed victim of the Great War.

The owners of the shop have given him permission to show for sale a number of water-colour paintings of the West Country which he makes up into calendars. The paintings are beautifully done, all from memory, with taste and skill that many a mature artist might envy. But the New Year prospects for the poor fellow, with both arms and one leg permanently injured, were none too good until a man stopped and questioned him.

The stranger was a newspaper reporter, touched by the sight of this pavement artist, for he had been a wounded soldier himself once. So he wrote in his newspaper that the artist's name was McLean, a member of the famous Clan McLean which sends so many of its sons into the Black Watch; that this McLean had been wounded at the first battle of Ypres, and invalided out of the Army, shattered and half paralysed, to earn his living as best he might; and that he had taught himself, with his injured hands, to wield the brush and paint the scenes that lingered in his memory.

On the day this paragraph appeared in the paper the pavement artist had another visitor, an equestrian from Buckingham Palace. Who it was that sent him we do not know, but we do know what heart and courage the messenger brought to McLean, and that thereafter many a Christmas client came his way and bought his pretty calendars.

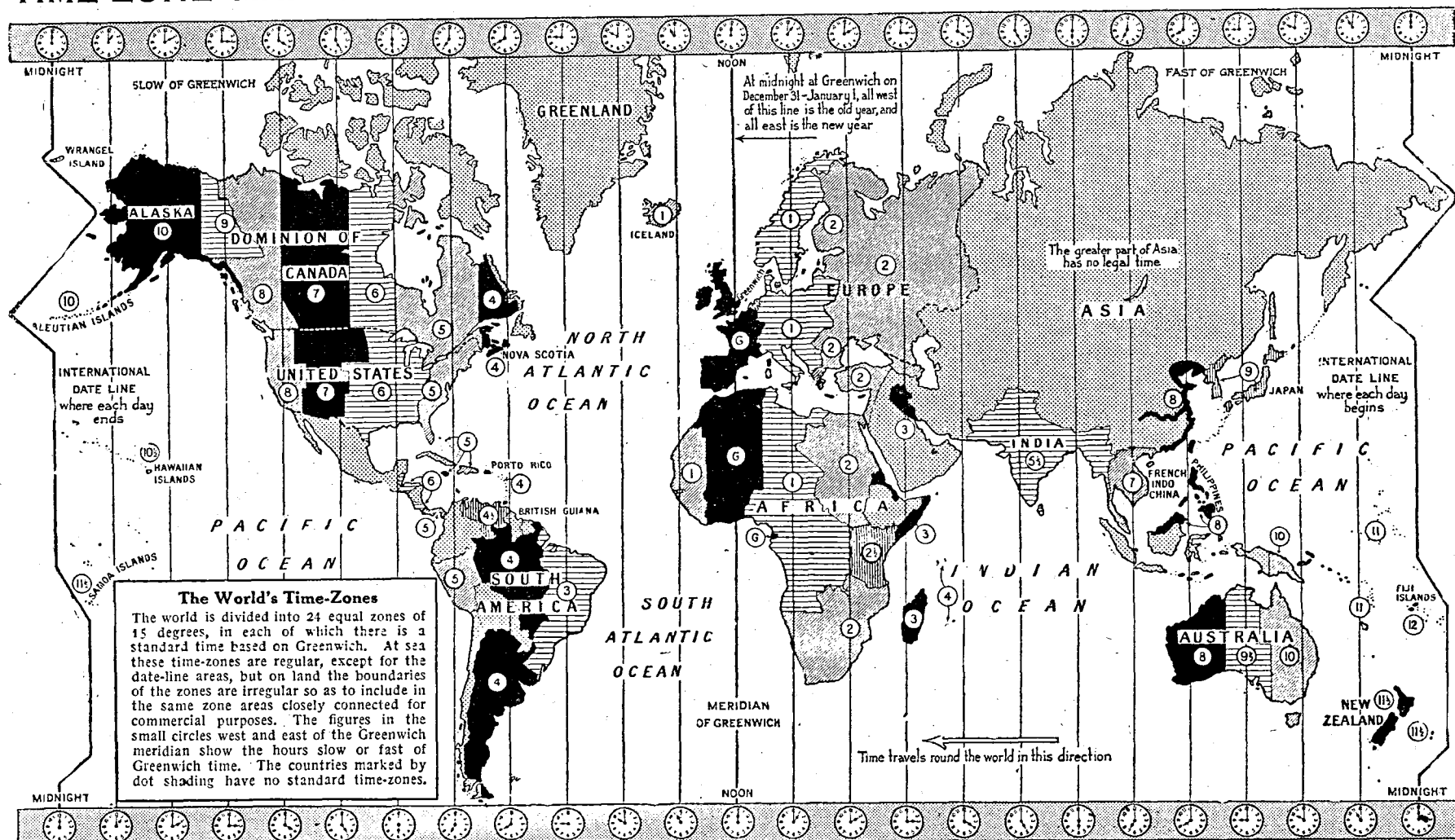
## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Two panels of Gobelines tapestry	£2520
Portrait by Rubens	£1180
Panel of Lille tapestry	£861
16th-century French tapestry	£504
A Louis XVI cabinet	£409
Two drawings by Turner	£250
A Chippendale armchair	£147
A Chinese teapot	£120
A Greek coin, 450 B.C.	£98
A second folio Shakespeare	£78
A letter by Napoleon	£48
A Persian ewer	£42
A Henry VII shilling	£42
A letter by Robespierre	£36



# TIME-ZONE MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



## A NATION'S WASTE LAND Russia's Idea for Developing It FOUNDING JEWISH COLONIES

The Russian Government is trying a new experiment by organising Jewish agricultural settlements in Russia.

It is a rare thing to see a Jew working in the fields; the race seems to be made for trade and business. In all countries Jews are mostly found in towns as shopkeepers and tradesmen. Owing to the high death-rate of the last few years rural Russia is heavily depopulated, and vast areas of land are lying waste because there is no one to cultivate them.

But there are many Jews in Russian towns, and these are going to be employed to colonise the waste land. Twenty-five Jewish agricultural settlements will be organised in the districts of Odessa, Minsk, and Ekaterinoslav during next year, each settlement consisting of a hundred and fifty families.

Russian Jews are welcoming this new plan with great enthusiasm.

## 2000 ROOMS

### London's Greatest Caravanserai

The great excavated space in London between Tavistock and Russell Squares will be filled in two years' time with the biggest hotel that London has seen.

It is to have no less than two thousand rooms, each fitted with hot and cold water, steam radiators, draught-proof doors and sound-proof floors, and an automatic clock.

American visitors who flock to London during the summer months make Bloomsbury, the district of the Squares, their favourite headquarters. Thirty years ago this district was still the fashionable residential quarter for well-to-do merchants and their families. There were not many hotels in Bloomsbury then, and those which have sprung up since that time, though some of them are spacious and well appointed, are in no way to be compared with the business man's hotels in New York.

## BODY AND MIND What a University Finds

To investigate the complaint that students who give a great deal of their time to athletics suffer proportionately in their studies, the executive of Princeton University has compiled some interesting figures.

This great American university found that the 67 athletes who represented her in the different lines of sport last year actually were far ahead of the average undergraduates, fifteen of them going so far as to win scholarships.

Not only that, but the figures showed that it was during the hard training season for each sport that the men engaged in it did their best work.

This is attributed to the fact that when the athletes are in strict training their nervous systems are keyed up, their habits are regular, and their minds clear and alert.

This will be news to many people who have always supposed that the heroes of the playing-fields are the dunces of the class-rooms.

## MILLIONS OF CATERPILLARS Eating All Before Them

The State Department of Agriculture in Victoria has lately been concerned over an invasion of millions of caterpillars in the country districts between Bendigo and the Murray River.

The caterpillars are eating all before them, and thousands of sheep have had to be removed to fresh pastures. Despite the fact that thousands of ibis, crows, starlings, and other birds are waging incessant war on them, the caterpillars are still continuing their onward march.

What the farmer is doing is to plough a furrow a couple of feet deep right round his crops. The caterpillars fall into this and are buried by workmen standing by. The State Department is endeavouring to find some infectious disease which will eradicate the pest.

## ABDUL'S LIBRARY The Red-Handed Sultan and His Lovely Books

Hitherto the Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid has been remembered chiefly for the organised butcheries of his Christian subjects. "Abdul on his infernal throne" has his permanent place in history by the side of Nero.

It is strange that now he will live also in history as the owner of a library of some 800 Persian, Turkish, and Arabic manuscripts of great interest and beauty. The collection has now been bought jointly by the British Museum and the University of Michigan, and divided equally between them.

Some of the Persian poems date back to before the conquest of Persia by the Mongols in the 13th century, when all but a handful of manuscripts were destroyed. Specially interesting is a collection in Arabic of unfamiliar sayings of Mohammed, with comments in Persian.

It is weird indeed to think of the arch assassin, with his blood-stained hands, poring over these beautiful relics of a past civilisation, beautiful in their writing, their illuminations, and their bindings, in his palace by the Bosphorus.

## HOW TO BE SAFE IN A STORM Danger of the Lightning Flash

Some interesting experiments carried out by the General Electric Company have shown that during a severe thunderstorm it is fifteen times safer to lie flat on the ground than to remain standing.

A man standing under a thundercloud 1000 feet above the ground would be struck by lightning 15 times in every 100 flashes; if lying down he would only be struck once in every 100 flashes.

Wherever there is a lightning conductor everyone is safe for a distance around the conductor equal to four times its height. Some of the lightning flashes in a severe storm are due to a voltage of a hundred million and a current of 80,000 amperes.

## OUR CLUMSY WEIGHTS AND MEASURES When Shall We Come Into Line? THE METRIC SYSTEM

When other countries pursue different ways from ours we are apt to shrug our shoulders and say that they should try our way.

That, no doubt, is why we have never yet taken seriously the question of turning over to the decimal system. It has been taught in many of our schools, side by side with our own tables of money, weights, and measures, for a couple of generations, ready for a change, but the change has not come.

Meanwhile the nations show no signs of taking up our system. Every year, says Sir Richard Gregory, president of the Decimal Association, some country goes over to the metric system, but no nation throws that system over for the British standards.

The result is that today only the British Empire and America maintain the old weights and measures; all the rest of the world reckons in decimals. And in regard to money Britain and part of the Empire stand absolutely alone—with all the vexation and waste in international dealings that that state of affairs involves.

## BLACK WAVES OF PROSPERITY

### Tides that Work for Us Now

There have been many schemes for harnessing the tides to do our work, but in the Firth of Forth the tide works voluntarily without harness for the people on its shores—as a coal miner and hauler.

Under its waters is an outcrop of coal, and after a storm the ground-swell breaks the coal off and washes it ashore. In the recent heavy gale it worked so powerfully that at one point on the Fifeshire coast, at Buckhaven, hundreds of tons of coal were deposited.

Of course, everybody for miles around brought carts and barrows and sacks and anything else that would serve, and carried the coal away either for their own use or for sale: there was plenty for all.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 27 1924

## Hidden Treasure

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had two sons. One day the father told the sons to dig in a certain field, saying there was a treasure there. Thinking he meant silver and gold, the sons set to work with all their might. For three days they dug, but found nothing. "There is a great treasure there," their father repeated, when they told him. "You will find it."

On the fourth day they were digging, and grew very tired and thirsty. "What good would gold and silver do us?" they thought, "even if we found them? It is water we want." Soon afterwards a spring of water broke out, and the diggers were happy. One of them went off to their father and told him. He said, "I did not say 'Go and dig for water.' I knew you would not go and dig for the whole village. You would say, 'Let the villagers go and dig.' But when I said there was a treasure to dig for you went."

The sons had found a treasure richer than the gold they had hoped to find. Gold would have made them richer than their neighbours, but water made all the village richer. And the real wealth of the world is that which enriches all men, and makes none poorer.

Sometimes men have set out on their adventures seeking one thing and finding another. Columbus and the great travellers of his time wished to find a way westward to India, but they found another treasure; they opened up America. And those who went to America seeking a city of gold, and eager to load their ships with the gold and silver and precious stones of the New World, found a better treasure still. They found rich lands in which the fruits of the earth could be grown; they found a new England over the seas, a treasure far more lasting and wonderful than the gold the Spanish galleons carried away.

And so we learn the lesson that we must set to work on the tasks of life with all our might, sure that honest work will give us treasure. We cannot be sure what we shall find when we begin; but we may understand at the very start of life that there are different ways of valuing treasures, and the best are always those which are shared by others. When we have put in a long spell of work we may not have a big fortune, but we have had the joy of the work; our health is all the better for it; we know that we have served other people and have not lived selfishly for ourselves. What greater treasure can there be than to win strength for ourselves and to open up springs of water for all to share, making the Earth a happier place than we found it?



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



### The Game

THE world is learning from us, Lord Balfour thinks, what a game should be.

It is very good news. It will be a great day for the world when we all agree about it. Has our English race, we wonder, anything much better to teach the nations than how to play the game of life?

### A Word to the B.B.C.

WE have been asked to call attention to a matter of some concern to many of our readers.

The B.B.C., which has no greater admirer than the C.N., gave us the other day an excellent sound description of a country fair. Nothing could have been better—except one thing. It must have come as a great shock to many listeners that the B.B.C. should have thought it desirable to reproduce all the kinds of language heard at a country fair, some of it quite objectionable.

Those who take pains to keep their homes free from vulgar English have some right to object to its creeping in by wireless.

### How Panama Forgot to Stop the Great War

PANAMA, a country with a great canal but a small army, has just had its memory jogged about the end of the Great War.

She had forgotten to make peace. On paper she had a quarrel with Austria-Hungary, which no longer exists and which few natives of Panama ever realised. So it was not surprising that her Foreign Office omitted to sign a scrap of paper by which they proclaimed that all differences were at an end.

During those tragic years between 1914 and 1918 Panama declared war on Austria, and naturally thought the matter had ended there. But when the first peace was signed in Paris, Panama's signature was there; she was one of the Allies. In due time the Foreign Minister of Panama received a great assemblage of volumes dealing with another of the Peace treaties, and it happened that the bulky package of papers was put aside and forgotten; the dust of years settled on these documents.

The world went on, and Panama and what was left of Austria carried on in the friendly pre-war way.

Then a change in Panama politics brought in a new Ministry, and the new charwoman found the old unsigned papers. Here was an opportunity for a new forward foreign policy. The Ministry hastened to sign on the dotted line, and Panama has now ratified the Treaty of St. Germain. So ends her strained relations with Austria. Panama seems at last to be at peace with the world.

### Murder by Smoke

WE were very pleased to see this paragraph in The Times the other day, under the heading of Darkness and Disease:

During the past two days no ultra-violet rays have reached London. The city, in short, has suffered 60 hours of continuous darkness in so far as the healing and tonic rays of the Sun are concerned.

That is a great stimulus to disease, since for children and the weak darkness is scarcely less detrimental than the loss of sleep. The reason is, largely, the smoky condition of the atmosphere.

It is a great sign of the times in journalism that the greatest newspaper in the world should regard this as a piece of news. If all our grown-up papers will please copy The Times we shall soon have an end of this Murder by Smoke, which is one of the tragedies of our Great City of today.

### Tip-Cat

SEARCH is to be made for a lost South American city. It is strange how these little things get mislaid.

THE roar of Niagara is to be heard by wireless. We have often heard something like it on our set.

WE are said to have a habit of thinking very little of our Government. If we thought more of it we might think less of it.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
What the Christmas  
Cracker cracks

WE hear there has been foul play in a hen-run somewhere.

IMAGINATIVE folk are bad golfers. But they can make up for it when they report their matches.

WE have been reminded that necessity is the mother of invention. All we can

say is that there are many freaks which never had a mother.

A MAN without money ought to be given opportunity. And perhaps something to eat with it.

AN excavator in Rome has dug up a prehistoric tooth. He touched it with his pick.

### A Happy New Year

I am writing these lines in the last hours of the unpleasant departing year. The New Year is at the door.

May it be less horrible than the old. I am sending my sorrowful good wishes across the Rhine.

I wish for the stupid a little understanding, and for the understanding a little poetry. I wish the most beautiful clothes for the women and much money for the men. I wish a heart for the rich and a little bread for the poor. But, above all, I wish that we may blackguard each other as little as possible during the New Year.

HEINRICH HEINE 80 years ago

## Nothing Doing

By One Who is Doing It

"THERE'S nothing doing here," they said when we came to live in our northern town. "You'll find it as dull as ditch water."

We looked around and wondered. A bright windswept town we saw, with the sea on three sides of it, and the shadows of flying clouds on the mountains in the background. An industrial town, certainly, but we looked in vain for smoke and grime.

And then there was the ship. Across the marshes we saw her the first time, no more than a few plates in the hands of the builders. But months slipped by, and down in the shipyard, under the shadow of the big cranes that made weird patterns against the sky at sunset, our ship grew, till one day we said: "She'll soon be ready for launching."

### Watching a Ship Grow

And at last the day came when, by the simple pressing of a button, the great hull slid off the slips into the arm of the sea that stretches up through the marshes.

They towed her round to the dock, for she was as helpless as a child; and day by day, for months on end, we watched her grow. Soon she had her masts and funnels, and we realised how beautiful she was.

It was six months after the launching that we heard her captain was in the town, ready to take charge of this the latest and biggest ship of the Orient Line; and because where there is a will there is a way we managed to go on board on her last afternoon in dock. An army of workmen were giving finishing touches; the cranes were slinging the last loads of furniture on board; up in the wireless-room we saw the wireless men testing their new instruments. We wandered from deck to deck and marvelled at the wonder of the building of a ship.

### A Thing of Beauty

And we wondered what the shipyard hands thought of it all—whether they knew they had made a beautiful thing, or whether they only saw in the ship the work that had kept over a thousand men employed in bad times.

The next morning, at high tide, we saw her go, 20,000 tons of her sailing through the narrow channel in the marshes, towering high above the houses on the coast. We watched her out to sea, flashing in the sunlight, and we knew that, after her speed trials on the Clyde, she would be sailing to Australia. And we remembered that a year ago all we could see of her was the shadowy form of a keel in the slips.

But there is nothing doing here, some people say.

### Making a Garden

Man ploughs and plants and digs and weeds,

He works with hoe and spade;  
God sends the sun and rain and air;  
And thus a garden's made.

He must be proud who tills the soil  
And turns the heavy sod.  
How wonderful a thing to be  
In partnership with God!

IDA M. THOMAS



December 27, 1924

## The Children's Newspaper

7

## A WIRELESS RED LETTER DAY

## FIRST PICTURE FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK

Seen in America an Hour After Being Taken in London

## HOW IT WAS DONE

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

A week or two ago a most interesting and historic event took place in London. A photograph was taken in Finsbury at three o'clock in the afternoon and was printed in the afternoon editions of the New York newspapers the same day. An hour after the photographer in Finsbury snapped the shutter of his camera his photograph was being made into a printer's block in New York, nearly 3000 miles away, having been sent by wireless across the Atlantic from the Marconi Office in Wilson Street, E.C. This was the first time a picture had been sent by wireless from this country.

What a wonderful world all our C.N. readers are growing up into! Before long an American child will be able to see a picture of some great steamer (with his Daddy on board), as it enters Liverpool, an hour after Daddy steps ashore in Old England. Perhaps he will be able to see a picture of Daddy himself, walking down the gangway.

## The Light on the Film

How is it all done? C.N. readers have already been told. The photographic film is placed so as to line the inside wall of a glass cylinder. In the cylinder is a light. The cylinder is caused to oscillate in such a way that the light shines on the film in lines, up and down, as if it were a pencil drawing fine parallel lines right over the picture, 120 lines or more to an inch. The light which gets through the film is brighter or fainter according as it passes through the light and shade of the picture, and the light passing through is caused to act on a device called a photo-electric cell. Electrical effects are produced more or less strongly in the photo-electric cell as the rays from the light in the cylinder make their way through the picture on the film; and the electrical current is made to operate an ordinary wireless telegraph.

The wireless telegraph signals flit across space, arrive in New York in about a sixtieth of a second, and in New York are made to work another photo-electric cell, which prints a reproduction of the photograph in fine lines drawn by a pen. The picture can be seen coming to life, as it were, as from the hand of an artist. A weird thing it is to see a pen moving and drawing a portrait, without a hand to guide it.

## GOING ROUND THE WORLD

## How Three Parsees are Doing It THE CAMERA PAYS THE WAY

It is not very long, as time goes, since the first ship sailed round the world. Quite lately the first aeroplane flew round the world. Now three Parsees are trying to cycle round it.

They started from Bombay a year ago and have just reached England. They expect to be another two years on the journey. Where there is no land they go by boat, and where they cannot ride or push their bicycles they carry them!

They had an easy time going up the coast from Bombay, but in Baluchistan and Persia riding was very bad, and when they tried to cross the desert between Mesopotamia and Palestine their machines sank in the sand and they had to carry them for days. Their supply of water gave out and they suffered greatly till they met some soldiers. After Jerusalem it was easier.

None of the cyclists has any money, but they have cameras, and they pay their way by selling the photographs they take on the way.

## THE EARTH PULLS DOWN ITS POLAR CAP

THAT little Arctic ship the Bowdoin, which kept all America awake sending it wireless, has come back with a message from the Pole which is of importance to the Northern Hemisphere. The Polar Ice Cap is spreading.

For more than fifty years past the visitors who went every year to Switzerland long before winter sports were thought of, have noticed that the glaciers were receding. Villages that were once on the edge of glaciers are now distant from them.

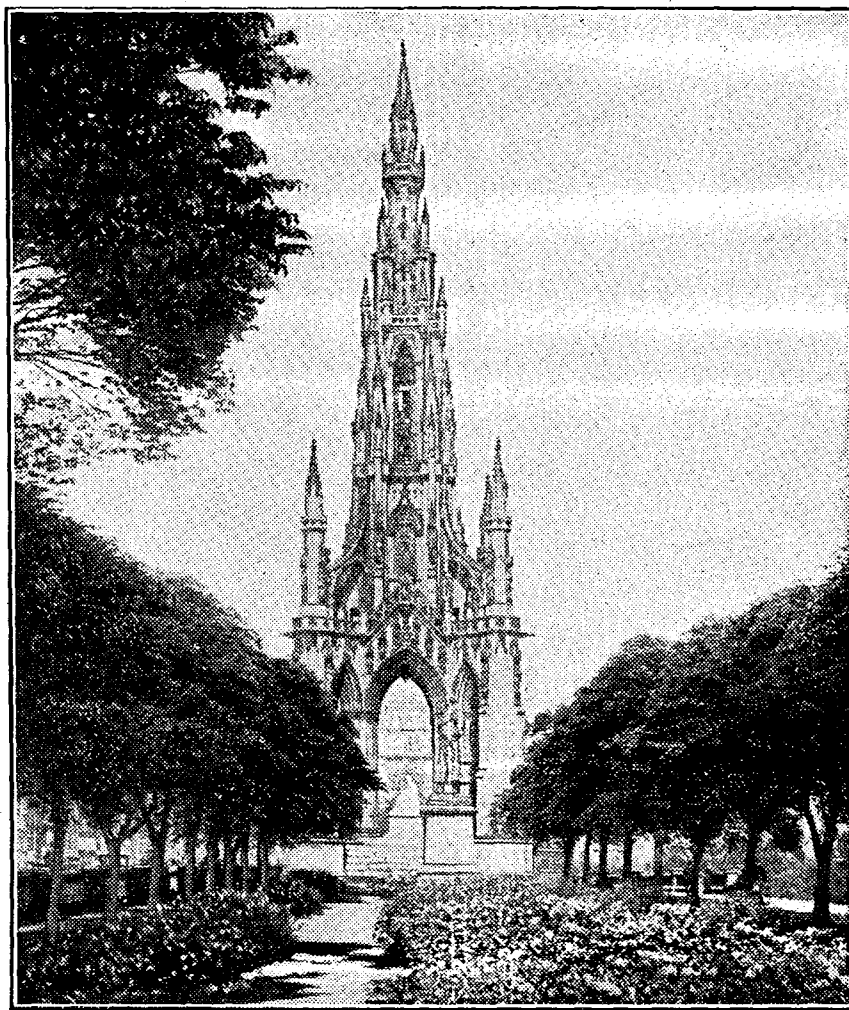
The persistency of the retreat of the Swiss glaciers led to the idea that the whole Northern Hemisphere was growing warmer, and a number of Canadian glaciers were examined to ascertain if they were shrinking also. They appeared to be doing so; but sixteen years ago it was noted that the shrinkage seemed to

be stopping. Captain MacMillan says that not only has the retreat of the Arctic glaciers stopped, but they are now spreading downwards from the Pole.

The ice is flowing south, and east and west as well, filling up the valleys like water. Down from the Polar Circle a sea of ice is coming on a few feet every year; the Earth is pulling down its Polar Cap once more.

It may be only a passing phase, the swing of the pendulum which a few decades ago seemed to be taking the ice away and melting it in a greater warmth of summer and winter. It may be the beginning of a series of colder winters. But it may possibly be the beginning of another of those Ice Ages which the geologists say have occurred at least ten times in the past, and the last of which is now passing away from us.

## SCOTT'S MONUMENT IN DANGER



The beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott in Princes Street, Edinburgh, has just been declared unsafe, and the Town Council has decided that the higher parts shall be closed permanently to the public. Some of the stones in this upper part weigh a ton each. To repair the monument properly would cost many thousands of pounds.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Common colds are estimated to involve us in an annual loss of £20,000,000.

A loud speaker with a radius of five miles has been exhibited at a New York Radio Show.

## The Two Boxes

In a Dublin garden two tin boxes have been found containing £1185, evidently hidden by robbers.

## Puccini's Great Fortune

The Italian composer Puccini, whose plans for a great opera house in Rome may be carried out by his heirs, left a fortune of about £800,000.

## Wireless Catching Up the Wire

There are now a million British wireless sets. As there are only a million and a quarter telephones, Wireless will soon have caught up the Wire.

## Nine Years with a Broken Back

After having lived for nine years with a broken back, sustained in the pit, a Kirkby, Nottinghamshire, miner has just died. It is a sad reminder of the price paid to win our coal from the depths of the Earth.

Canada has now over a million telephones for her nine million people.

In 25 years the Canadian Pacific Railway has spent £22,000,000 in building ships on the Clyde.

## Appropriate

At Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, a Miss Butcher was the winner of a prize consisting of a parcel of sausages.

## Rats

Over a million and a quarter rats have been destroyed in vessels and warehouses in the Port of London since 1901.

## Early Closing at Victoria

A travelling correspondent of the C.N. asks why it is that our great foreign station in London, Victoria, closes for foreign booking at 8 o'clock at night—inconveniently early for many people.

## The Boot in the Stocking

In their Christmas "stocking" about eleven hundred poor children had a new pair of boots, the gift of the Mansfield Board of Guardians. Some of the recipients were quite bootless before getting the welcome gift.

## THE GREAT LAKE THAT LIVINGSTONE KNEW

## HOW IT HAS GONE BACK

Some Queer Results of a Common Law of Nature

## CURIOUS THINGS THAT HAPPEN AROUND US

The adventurers who have been filming the life of Livingstone found that though the mango tree under which Livingstone and Stanley met is still there, and though the boats which used to load up human slaves at Ujiji remain to carry grain instead of living merchandise, the great Lake Tanganyika has receded 400 yards from the shore the two explorers knew.

It will probably come back in due season. Years of research show that the height of the great African lakes depends, not so much on rainfall, which is fairly constant within certain limits, but upon the Sun.

## Sun Affects the Lakes

During a cycle of sunspots less heat reaches the Earth, the difference being such that the temperature in tropical Africa averages one degree more with sunspots at their minimum than with sunspots at their maximum. The result is that, during terms of minimum sunspots and maximum heat there is an enormous increase in evaporation of the waters of the lakes.

Their depth is lower, so that the waters recede from the shores, and the strange fact which the film-making expedition relates may possibly be traced back to this cause. Though we hardly notice such things, similar influences produce similar effects at home in many ways.

A year rich in splendour and heat ripens the seed of flowers and grass, the wood of fruit trees, the vegetable and animal life of the seas, and produces in the following season abundance of pasture, flowers, and fruits on land, and herrings and other life-forms in the waters. The ocean has its sun-ripened harvest, as has the earth.

## The Expanding Railway Lines

But heat affects us more intimately still. In the new tube railways now being constructed under London, they use nearly 6000 tons of steel a mile, and fasten all the sections of tube together as tightly as bolts and cement can make them, yet railway metals in the open, exposed to the Sun, have to be left with space between rail and rail. If this were not done, the expansion of the steel under the influence of the Sun would cause the lines to buckle.

Similar effects are produced on buildings. The Crystal Palace is ten inches longer in summer than in winter. Mr. J. J. Shaw, the famous recorder of earthquakes, is able to show that his house measures more by day than by night, the heat of the Sun causing every wall and brick to expand.

## Lifting the Dome of St. Paul's

So the Sun, upon which all life depends, dries up sea and river and lake, modifies the size of buildings and materials, and, unless great care is taken, brings our plans to ruin.

What is called rust cement makes the tubes watertight, and the unvarying temperature of the cool earth renders it unnecessary to leave spaces between the sections. Yet rust cement, so effective there, is slowly sapping the strength of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It has corroded the iron of the dome; it has displaced stone and lifted the whole dome nearly an inch, and is affecting the stability of the western towers owing to the excessive use of steel in the structure. The very concrete with which old buildings are being restored today has in it, through rust in its steel, the seeds of destruction for the stone it is supposed to save.



## POND AS OLD AS THE PYRAMIDS

### NEVER-FAILING WONDER

How the Old Men of the Hills Got Water

#### GATHERING THE DEW

Long before these days of ours, at the very dawn of History, lived the Stone Age Man.

Here in England we find him first upon the hills. Centuries later, when he had learned to build strong houses of stone to protect him from the dangers lurking in woods and marshes, he came down to the valleys. But first of all he was a hill-dweller.

Of the work of his descendants, the Plain-Dwellers, very little can be found. The falling leaves have covered it; the streams have carried it away; the ploughman and the worm have destroyed it. But the Hill-Dweller worked in the chalk of the Downs, and what is marked upon the Downs the Downs keep.

#### On the High Downs

There Neolithic Man built his huts, and dug into the chalk with mattocks made of the antlers of red deer, piling up embankments such as we see on Cissbury and Chantonbury and Fittle Beacon, in Sussex. There, safe from the terrors of the valley, and from the grey wolf howling in the twilight, he dwelt with his herds. But how did this lonely man get water?

Come with the writer to where lately he was standing beside a pond high on the Downs. At this pond a thousand head of sheep may water every day, and though in the evening it looks half empty, by morning it is full again. Yet no stream enters it, and no rain fell in the night.

It is a dew-pond, probably 6000 years old, dug out on this hill 500 feet above sea-level by the first dwellers on the Downs, perhaps as old as the Pyramids.

#### Making the Pond

For those first down-folk life depended on finding an unfailing supply of water. How desperate was their need we see by the very ingenuity of the means they used, more ingenious even than the Dew Reservoirs now being made. With these the cold surface to condense the dew is above the pond; with the old dew-pond the cold surface is the surface of the pond itself. How did they manage to get it cold enough?

Watch them going to work. Near the top of the hill they hollowed out a great basin. This basin they lined with dry rushes. Now imagine them toiling up the hill with loads of finely puddled clay, with which they cover the rushes with a crust a foot thick, lapping it well over the edges of the basin so that the layer of rushes shall never get wet. Then, to protect the clay, they stamp into it a layer of closely fitting flints. And there is your pond.

#### The Day and Night Processes

The day has been warm and the earth has stored up much heat; but during the night this heat cannot get to the pond because of the layer of non-conducting reeds. Owing to evaporation the clay surface quickly grows cold, and dew begins to condense, and by morning the pond has begun to fill. This process continues, evaporation during the day being less than condensation by night.

This is the way Neolithic Man solved his difficult problem and obtained a supply of purest water.

You will hear many people, often scientific people, say they do not believe what is said of dew-ponds (saying what may be quite true—that they are both dew and mist), but you may read all about these ponds in a capital book by Arthur and George Hubbard called *Neolithic Dew-Ponds and Cattleways* (published by Longmans at 5s.), and you can climb the Sussex Downs and drink from the unfailing pond fed by the dew.

## CAESAR'S MEN

### And What They Did in Britain

#### OUR FIRST LIGHTHOUSE

Often we think the world is getting on, but sometimes, when Roman villas and towns buried for two thousand years are dug up at Cirencester or Worthing or Dover, we begin to wonder whether we have got on so very far, or if the world sometimes slips back again.

As Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell point out in their book on *Everyday Life in Roman Britain* (published by B. T. Batsford at 5s.) there used to be glass in the windows of the Roman houses at Silchester, and our twentieth-century houses are not heated so well or scientifically as they were.

When the last Roman legions had left Britain, the towns and villas fell into decay, the happy peaceful life of Silchester, where there were commodious public baths, and a Christian church, as well as a fine temple, a palace of justice, and a town hall, decayed and passed away, and barbarism took its place for a thousand years. It was not till the thirteenth century that glass came back to England, which about that time had to wrest Magna Carta from King John.

In the Middle Ages the lighting of the coasts was regarded as an act of piety. But the Romans set up a lighthouse at Dover, the very first in the history of the Island Kingdom.

Other things that the Romans did in laying the foundations of our civilisation (the way they lived, their roads, their trades, their work, and their pleasures) are most agreeably told and pictured in this delightful book.

## A TOWN AND ITS BIRDS

### Leading the Way in South Africa

Subject to the consent of the Administration of the Cape Province, South Africa, the Borough Council of King William's Town has unanimously agreed to protect bird life on the commons it controls.

The reason which had most weight with the Council was that 95 per cent of the birds are known to do more good than harm, and it is not known for certain that the other 5 per cent do more harm than good. Birds eating fruit are noticed by everybody, but they are not noticed during the eleven months of the year when they are killing insects which damage fruit trees.

The following prohibitions were adopted: hunting parties with dogs; all kinds of guns and catapults; the use, possession, sale, and manufacture of bird traps and lime.

The prohibition of hunting is necessary because 75 per cent of South African birds lay their eggs on the ground, and hunting disturbs them.

One of the arguments used was that it is bad for children to get into the habit of killing anything until they are able to discriminate whether it is necessary, useful, or harmful.

It is pleasing to find King William's Town in the van of progress.

## WIRELESS M.A.

### University and Broadcasting

Some of the school children in Australia are hundreds of miles from the nearest public school.

The Minister for Education in New South Wales, Mr. Bruntnell, is now perfecting a scheme whereby daily wireless lessons will be broadcasted to the school children.

The University Senate of Sydney is considering the practicability of broadcasting lectures each night, so that students who cannot attend the university may obtain a special degree by examination. Already it is possible in Australia to obtain a university degree after examination either through private coaching or private reading. This is called an examining degree.

## THE LONELY BOY

### What Came of a Meeting

#### INTERNATIONAL HOUSE THAT GREW FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS

Again and again we have seen how small accidents may lead to great results.

A Japanese student who could not find his way to the lecture room in Columbia University met an American student who had been at college three weeks and had not made a friend.

That was the beginning of a college club which has now grown up under the ugly name of the Inter-Collegiate Cosmopolitan Club. But it was the beginning because the young man the Japanese student met was a man of imagination and sympathy, with a love for his kind.

When the war upset prices in America so that the money the foreign students got from home became worth only a fraction of what it was before, it became evident that they needed something more than sympathy, or most of them would have to go. So a great house was built, ten storeys high, with rooms for a thousand students, men and women, overlooking the Hudson River. There is a room for meetings and entertainments which will hold them all, a gymnasium, a café, a great lounge, and so on.

#### Mutual Understanding

Here there dwell together in unity students from the Far East, from all parts of the British Empire, and from America herself. We can only realise the enormous importance of such a movement when we remember the great problem America has to face in the immense variety of races in her population. The friendships formed here, and the mutual understanding of each other's national and racial problems, must help tremendously in after-life.

All honour to the two men who led the movement—Mr. Harry E. Edmonds, who founded the club, and young Mr. Rockefeller, who built the hostel.

## FROM STAR-DUST TO MAN

### A Little Book Tells a Great Story

Half a million years ago—perhaps much farther back than that—the first man walked the Earth with little thought except how to get his food and fight animals stronger than himself for it. Half a million years is but a drop in the bucket of the time which had been taken before then to make out of the dust of space an Earth for him to walk on.

In that time the mind of that primitive wild man has so grown that even when it is only the mind of a boy or a girl it can grasp the history of these things. It can understand how the star-dust solidified into suns, and how the suns threw off planets, and how the planets became the abode of living things. It can follow the wise teacher who tells it how the races of living things waxed and waned and followed one another till man came to be the master of them all. It can store up the lessons of the history of men since they lived together in tribes and became peoples and nations. It can grasp the meaning of evolution and, above all, it has the gift of wonder and of curiosity.

The wonders of the History of the Earth on its long, long road from Star-Dust to Man are told by Miss Hilda Finnemore in a fine little book with that title (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), and there are no boys and girls who would not follow her story with delight.

## WHAT A JET OF WATER DOES

### Curious Idea Working at Bristol

#### NOVEL WAY OF STEERING A VESSEL

It often happens that dredgers are required to operate while moored to a quayside but at some little distance from it. In these circumstances there is a tendency to drift in towards the quay.

At the great Avonmouth Docks, controlled by the Bristol Corporation, a new dredger is required, and a novel method is to be adopted to ensure that she will not drift when in operation.

The dredger is to be supplied with centrifugal pumps which will force water through four nozzles below the water-line—two at the stern and two at the bow, and all four pointing at right angles to the length of the vessel. By maintaining high-velocity jets of water in the direction of the quay the dredger will be forced away till her mooring ropes are taut, and all tendency to drift has been overcome.

The dredger will also be manoeuvred into position by using first one jet and then another, according to which way it is desired to turn; and, as the nozzles will be controlled from a cabin by electrical means, steering will be reduced to the simple work of operating a switch.

#### Ship Driven by Water

It is, of course, possible to use water-jets for the main propulsion of a ship, and this has actually been done. The results, however, have so far been rather disappointing. Very little speed can be maintained, and the efficiency is low.

The type of vessel which can best make use of this method is one in which speed does not matter, and where large pumping plant is a necessary part of its equipment for other purposes. The fire-boat, a floating fire-engine, fits this description when the area it is intended to serve is limited, as in the case of a harbour or a dock. In this case speed is of no great importance, whereas ease in manoeuvring is essential; and, as the main fire pumps can also be made to supply the nozzles, jet propulsion can be utilised to advantage. It is surprising to see how quickly such vessels can be steered this way and that, and even be turned round within their own length.

## AUTOMATIC PLOUGH

### No Man Needed at All

An American farmer has invented a very wonderful automatic tractor plough.

This plough needs no one to run it. A man simply directs it across the field on its first furrow, and that furrow guides the machine on its subsequent trips. As it strikes the fence at the edge of the field the engine reverses, the ploughshare is raised, and one facing the other way lowered, all by most ingenious automatic mechanism.

Initial tests have been most successful, and if the use of this machine can be made general the saving to the farmers will be enormous.

## LONDON'S EYESIGHT

### 23,000 Children Wanting Glasses

Last year 23,000 school children in the L.C.C. schools required spectacles.

This is the average number of those who suffer from bad sight, and not an exceptional figure. It concerns one child in every seven or eight at the elementary schools of the capital.

But unfortunately this is not the whole of the trouble, for there are many children needing spectacles who do not wear them. The truth is that town life is bad for the eyesight, and that one child out of every five in the Council schools suffers from defective vision.



## RUSSIA'S RULERS

### WHO ARE THEY?

American Writer Looks Round at the Bolshevik Leaders

### THE SUPREME THREE

We have been hearing a great deal about Russia and its rulers of late. Who are these men?

It is very difficult to understand who are the really important people in that ruined country now. It used to be quite simple. Lenin was the inspirer and Trotsky the organiser, but Lenin fell ill and died, and Trotsky, though still immensely popular, is no longer of the inner governing body.

An American writer for three years stationed in Moscow has been trying to explain. He says there are a number of leading men, not one or two. They hold all sorts of different offices in different parts of the governmental machine, and some of them have no public offices at all.

### A Complicated System

First of all, one has to remember that there are many different Russias, each with its own complicated system of government. At the head of them all is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The Union is governed by a Congress of Soviets which appoints a Central Executive Committee (the real authority), and to this committee is responsible the Council of People's Commissaries, a mere body of departmental heads who have to carry out the instructions of the Executive Committee.

Rykoff succeeded Lenin as Chairman of the Commissaries, but that is not why he is a "chief man." He stammers, and cannot make orations, but he was a close associate of Lenin and he got his post because more powerful men were jealous of each other.

### The Secret Police

Then there is Krassin, Commissary for Foreign Trade. He is a steady man who realises the importance of international commerce. He is "an anchor to windward for the Soviet Government." Dzerzhinsky is not a Commissary but merely head of the Chekha, or secret police, which he organised at the Revolution. His subordination to the Commissaries is merely nominal. The Tsarist secret police once sent him to exile in Siberia.

Bukharin is editor of the official organ, The Pravda. He is a popular speaker, especially with Russian youth.

Finally we come to the supreme Triumvirate, heads not of the Government, but of the Bolshevik party organisation. These give their orders to the party, which passes them to the Congress, which passes them to the Executive Committee, which passes them to the Council of Commissaries.

### The Man Who Trusts Nobody

One of the three is Kameneff, President of the Moscow City Soviet. He is a Vice-President of the Commissaries, but that is not what gives him power. He works very hard at his Department of Labour.

Then there is Stalin, secretary of the party. It was said of him, "Lenin trusts Stalin, but Stalin trusts nobody." It was said also, "Trotsky is a man of fire; Stalin is a man of ice."

Then there is Zinovieff. He is President of the Bolshevik International. His specialty is a terrible capacity for "exciting and exploiting the mass emotions of class consciousness, fanaticism, and class hatred."

Zinovieff is described as a dangerous and sinister figure, but he is not in the Government, and on critical issues he has frequently been withstood.

## OLD NEWS

### MR. FUGGER'S LETTER

Story of a Village Weaver's Powerful Family

### STOP PRESS IN 1579

Americans descended from English settlers are sometimes found in one of our country churchyards seeking for their names on the oldest stones.

In like manner the C.N. loves to come upon one of its ancestors, some ancient newspaper entombed in a museum, and lately it has been delighted by the discovery of a sixteenth-century ancestor, belonging to the Viennese branch of the family, and called The Fugger News Letter. Its history and its chronicles are highly romantic.

Fugger was a humble village weaver, but his grandson could write to the Emperor Charles the Fifth: "It is an obvious and well-known fact that your Imperial Majesty would never have attained to the Roman Crown without my help."

### Merchant Princes

In less than three generations the Fuggers had become merchant princes of world-wide importance, who influenced European politics, gave a check to the German Reformation, and financed the destruction of the Dutch Republic. These king-making bankers had agents posted all over the world, who kept them constantly informed of everything that happened. Thirty-five thousand closely-covered pages of these reports are lodged in the Vienna National Library.

Of course, the Fugger News Letter was for private circulation, yet it contained the germ of our modern newspaper, as the wolf is distantly related to our friend the terrier.

Events that are old history thrill us afresh when we read of them in the very words which broke the news to contemporaries. The story of the Armada, the raids of Drake, the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the murder of William the Silent, such is the Stop Press news of the Fugger News Letter.

### A Witch Brews a Storm

But it is not always of such great events that its Special Correspondents write. The bankers are informed that a witch has been hanged for various crimes, including the brewing of a most harmful storm! They are told of a Venetian alchemist who has truly made ingots of gold from dross (in the presence of an Alderman!), but this conjuror-scientist proved to be no more genuine than the one in Ben Jonson's play, and was hanged for his imposture. In an issue of 1579 typical items run like this:

Inez de Campo, for bearing false witness in matters of faith, three hundred strokes of the rod and banishment for six years from Seville.

Gines Raros, Englishman, master gunner on the galleon Grenade, in his fortieth year, has fought with Catholic Christians. He has been reconciled, and punished with perpetual prison. The first twelve years he is to serve with the galleys and pull the oars.

Juan Garcia has uttered divers blasphemies with regard to Our dear Lady. His tongue was pinioned, a cross was given into his hand and a cord placed round his neck, and he was beaten two hundred times with a rod.

It cannot have been difficult to fill a column in those eventful days, and yet there is no one on the staff of the C.N. who would not rather be writing for it than be writing such news for the information of the Fuggers.

### CANNED GOODS

Science has made canned goods so popular that 250 million pounds' worth is eaten every year in America alone. One company manufacturing the tins has a capacity of nine million tins a day.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Is the Snowdrop an English Wild Flower?

Yes; it has long grown wild in the woods in the west, but whether it is an actual native wild plant is doubtful.

Is Mount Everest the Only Unclimbed Mountain in the World?

No; there are many mountains that have never been climbed in the Himalayas, Andes, and other ranges.

Where is Yealmpton, and what is the Nearest Town?

Yealmpton is a Devonshire village on the River Yealm, 10½ miles south-east of Plymouth by rail. It has a railway station.

Why is Twelfth Night Called in French Le Jour de Rois?

Because it is the Feast of the Epiphany, when the Wise Men from the East, traditionally three kings, presented their gifts to the Infant Jesus.

Why is the Rio de la Plata so Called?

This name means river of silver, just as Argentina means silver, and the names were given because when first discovered these regions were thought to contain much silver.

Of What are Wireless Crystals Made?

Many are now manufactured, the composition varying with the maker, but large numbers are from natural products, such as silicon, galena, which is lead sulphide, and zinc-blende, which is zinc sulphide.

Who Were the Disinherited in English History?

This name was given to the remnant of the barons' party, who held out after the battle of Evesham in 1265, and against whom a sentence of forfeiture was issued.

What is the Origin of Kissing the Hand?

Dr. Brewer says it is a relic of paganism. Devotees formerly kissed the hands of the idol if it were low enough, but if it were out of reach they kissed their own hands and waved them to the image.

Does the Description of Peoples or Races Come Under Geography or History?

It may come under both, but as a subject it is Ethnography or Ethnology. Ethnography is the scientific description of the races themselves; ethnology rather the science of their relations to one another.

What Does it Cost a Ship to Go Through the Panama Canal?

In 1923, 3967 ships of a gross tonnage of 23,632,941 went through the Canal, paying 17,508,199 dollars in tolls, which works out to an average of 74 cents a ton on the gross tonnage, or about £900 a ship.

Did Sir Francis Drake Leave Any Children?

No, although he was twice married; first to Mary Newman, who died in 1582, and afterwards to Elizabeth Sydenham, who survived him and married Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham, in Devonshire.

How is Iodine Made?

Some is obtained in the old-fashioned way from kelp—that is, the calcined ashes of seaweed—but the bulk of it is now manufactured from naturally occurring salts, such as the nitrates of Chile and the potassium and magnesium salts of Stassfurt.

What is the Meaning of Ancient Lights?

Ancient lights are windows that have had uninterrupted access of light for twenty years and upwards. Often a card with these words is hung in windows near a new building that is being erected, to intimate to the builders that the ancient lights must not have their light blocked out by the new building.

Do Bodies of Different Weights and Sizes Fall from the Same Height Together?

In a vacuum all bodies, no matter what their size, shape, or weight, would fall with equal rapidity. In the air, however, a stone will fall more rapidly than a feather because of the unequal resistance of the air to these falling bodies.

What is the Origin of the Beefeaters?

This is a popular name for the Yeomen of the Guard, a corps founded by Henry VII. in 1485 to act as his bodyguard. They consist of a hundred yeomen, a captain, a lieutenant, an ensign, a clerk of the cheque, and four corporals called exons. The warders of the Tower, a relic of the day when this was a royal residence, are now a separate corps under the Constable.

## ORION'S GIANT SUN

### A VAST FURNACE OF FIERY VAPOUR

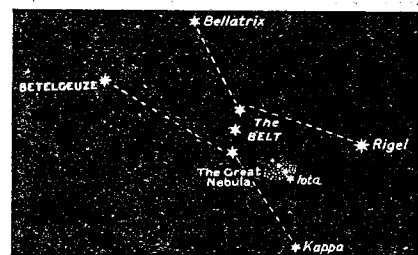
Brilliant Reddish Star which is a Globe of Gas

### NEW LIGHT ON BETELGEUZE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

In the south-east the evening sky is now radiant with the glories of Orion, the most superb of all the constellations, containing two first-magnitude stars, Betelgeuze and Rigel, together with Bellatrix and the three stars of the famous Belt, all of the second magnitude. Betelgeuze is a giant sun in a very early stage of stellar evolution. It has not yet left the nebulous state, although it is far more advanced than the diffuse planetary nebula, which is usually seen as an immense globe of rarefied gaseous matter, the beginnings of a future sun.

Betelgeuze is still in the condition that follows this, though it has taken some



Orion as it appears about 8 p.m.

hundreds of millions of years to reach this brilliant, reddish state. It is actually a colossal globe of gaseous elements, so rarefied that it is even more intangible than the air we breathe, and so hot and radiant that nothing on Earth approaches it except, say, a tungsten electric light filament at its highest temperature.

This is at the surface of Betelgeuze, where the temperature is calculated to be about 2900 degrees Centigrade. Of course, it rapidly increases beneath the surface layers of gas. Yet Betelgeuze is the coolest of all Orion's great suns; some, for instance, the three stars of the Belt and Bellatrix, radiating 23,000 degrees at their surface, as compared with between 6000 and 7000 degrees of our own Sun.

So we see that Betelgeuze is a furnace of fiery vapour. This vapour will, many thousands of millions of years hence, condense into the elements and metals that we all know so well on our tiny world. When this happens Betelgeuze will have lost his fiery brilliance and dwindled to a dwarf sun, and finally become invisible to the stellar host.

### Star that Varies in Size

At present Betelgeuze is about 260 million miles in diameter, nearly three times the distance of the Earth from the Sun. Now, the Sun is 1,300,000 times the size of our world, and Betelgeuze is something like 27 million times the size of our Sun. But Betelgeuze is not always this size, and herein lies a great marvel, explained partly by the mathematical researches of Professors Russell, Jeans, and Eddington, and partly by actual observation by the interferometer at Mount Wilson Observatory.

It had long been obvious to naked-eye observation that Betelgeuze varied in brightness, but the interferometer showed that measurements taken in December, 1920, revealed an angular diameter of .047 of a second of arc; it was much larger, .054, in November, 1921; while by October, 1922, it had diminished to .034 of a second of arc, and so was approximately but three-fifths of what it was 11 months before.

The mathematician's explanation of this is that terrific molecular expansive forces are for ever contending with terrific contracting forces set up by gravitation and radiation, which, operating one upon another, cause this colossal sun to pulsate, or alternately expand and contract. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Venus and Saturn are in the south-east in the morning; Mars and Uranus in the south-west in the evening.



# The Wizard of Kandara, a Great Adventure Story, Begins Next Week

## THE MUD PUPS

An Exciting Story of  
a School by the Sea

Told by T. C. Bridges  
the C. N. Storyteller

### CHAPTER 51 A Foul Blow

AT that moment a fresh flash of lightning showed Jack that someone else was on the Marsh. A boy was running towards the sea wall.

"Hulloa, who's that?" he shouted.

"Me—Jenner. Who are you?"

"Jack Seagrave."

Jenner gave a hoarse cry.

"It can't be. Jack's dead," he gasped.

"I'm quite alive, thank you," Jack answered drily. "Now you are here you had better give me a hand with these sheep. They'll all be drowned if we don't get them out of the Marsh."

"I—I can't. I've got to find my uncle."

"Your uncle?" repeated Jack.

"Who is he?"

"Uncle Lester, Mr. Jarvis. He's had a row with Soper, and he has been threatening to get even with him. He went off, and I followed as soon as I knew. But it's so horribly dark; I've lost him."

Jack stiffened. What Jenner said seemed perfectly crazy, yet there was no doubt that the wretched boy was in deadly earnest. A fresh suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Listen, Jenner," he said urgently. "Someone has dynamited the sea wall, and the water is already breaking through. I thought it was Soper, but—"

Jenner groaned.

"It wasn't. It was Uncle Lester," he said.

"Whoever it was, we've got to get the sheep out," said Jack quickly. "Cut along and fetch Soper. Tell him his place will be swamped like ours if he isn't quick. Run! He will know what to do. And after you've told him go to the school and tell Mr. Arnold."

Jenner hesitated no longer, and the next flash showed him running hard along the sea wall. Jack spoke to Bingo. "Work 'em, lad! Round 'em up," he ordered.

A moment later Jack heard his short, sharp barks sounding above the dull roar of the wind.

He hurried off as fast as he could to the gate at the top of the Marsh.

"Here, Bingo!" he shouted. He turned to watch the sheep coming up. Across the lower ground the sea was spreading in a silver sheet.

The first of the flock came charging through the gateway, and Jack drew back into the Marsh to give them passage. He felt, rather than saw, a tall figure rise from the hedge behind him, and turned to find himself facing Jarvis.

"So it is you, after all!" said Jarvis, in a voice like the snarl of a wolf. "But you shall never tell what you have seen." As he spoke his great fist shot out.

Jack ducked, and the blow, instead of reaching his jaw, met his temple. A shower of sparks seemed to explode before his eyes, he reeled away and fell.

Suddenly behind Jarvis came a savage snarl, and Bingo, leaping on him, fixed all his teeth in the calf of the man's leg. With a shriek like nothing human, the man raced away straight across the Marsh, while the terrified sheep poured through the gate into the field above.

CHAPTER 52

The Conversion of Jenner

MR. ARNOLD had promised a special supper if they finished the fencing in the day, and when the boys reached the dining-room they found he had kept his word. There were jellies and pastry as well as several sorts of jam and

cake, and they all feasted, while outside the raging gale roared.

When supper was over and the boys were trooping out, Gerald suddenly found Jenner beside him.

"Er—Darcy, I wanted to thank you," he stammered awkwardly.

"It—it was very decent of you to tackle Alfred."

Darcy was so surprised he could hardly speak.

"That's all right," he managed to say, then stopped short, for Jenner had gone.

Just then Mr. Arnold came striding down the passage. He saw Gerald and stopped. "Darcy, come to my study, will you?" he said.

Gerald, feeling rather uneasy, followed the master, and as soon as they were inside the room Mr. Arnold closed the door and turned to him. "Darcy, I have heard from my sister that there was a quarrel between Mr. Jarvis and Soper this afternoon. You were there. Will you tell me about it?"

Gerald hesitated.

"It is important for me to know," said the master. "I don't think it could be classed as sneaking."

"All right, sir," replied Gerald.

"I'll tell you what I saw."

When he had finished Mr. Arnold looked very grave. "Thank you," he said. "I take it, then, that Jenner must be Mr. Jarvis's nephew?"

"That is what Soper meant, sir," answered Gerald. "And—and there seems to have been some queer business between Soper and Mr. Jarvis."

"I fear there is, and I mean to get to the bottom of it. Will you send Jenner to me?"

"Yes, sir, I'll find him at once," said Gerald, hurrying off. Ten minutes later he was back. "I can't find him anywhere, sir."

"Then I must see Mr. Jarvis," said the master, frowning. "How it blows!" he exclaimed, as a furious gust made the building rock.

"Yes, sir," said Gerald. "It's bad, and I'm a bit worried about the sheep. Do you mind if I run down to the Marsh and have a look?"

The door of the study opened and Bess came running in. "Russell, Mr. Jarvis has gone," she exclaimed.

"Where, Bess?"

"No one knows. Endacott says he left before supper."

"Must have gone to the village," said Mr. Arnold.

"I think he has gone for good," said Bess. "And—and I hope he has."

Her brother looked absolutely dismayed. "I must find out about this," he said, and hurried away.

Gerald spoke to Bess. "I'm going down to the Marsh to look after the sheep," he said.

"Then I'll come too," declared Bess. "Oh, Gerald, everything is wrong today! I do hope the sheep are safe."

The moon was hidden as they ran out, and the force of the wind staggered them. With heads bent they struggled across the playground; then the moon flashed out and Bess gave a cry. "Oh, Gerald, look at the sheep. They're all out!"

"And look at the water!" gasped Darcy. "It's all over the Marsh."

Someone came running violently. "Is that you, Darcy?" he panted.

"The sea wall is down and the Marsh flooded. And Jack Seagrave is back."

"Jack—Jack back!" screamed Bess. "Oh, Jenner, where is he?"

"Driving the sheep. Where's Mr. Arnold? We've got to get everyone out to help fill the breach in the wall. Soper says bring all the sacks we can find."

"I'll tell him," cried Gerald, and ran. But Bess was running the other way. "Jack!" she cried at the pitch of her voice. "Oh, Jack, where are you?" But there was no answer, and Bess ran on, more and more frightened with every step she took.

### CHAPTER 53 What Paul Brought

BESS came to the edge of the great flood, which was spreading remorselessly over the Marsh.

"Jack!" she called again. "Jack, where are you?"

Suddenly out of the gloom a dog howled mournfully. Bess shivered at the sound.

As the Moon flashed out once more, she saw a big collie standing in the edge of the flood. Again he flung up his head and howled, and now Bess saw that he was standing over some dark object that lay half in the water, half out. "Jack!" she cried once more, and next moment she was down on her knees, hauling at Jack's body with all her strength.

Somehow she dragged him out, but the cruel water followed. Her strength was gone, and another moment she would have dropped beside him when someone came hurrying up behind.

"You, Miss Bess?" came old Ben's voice.

"Help me, it's Jack," she panted.

Ben lifted Jack bodily and carried him to safety. Lights flashed, and here was Mr. Arnold himself. He stooped and felt Jack's heart.

"Don't cry, Bess," he said gently. "He is alive."

They carried him in and put him to bed, then, leaving Bess and the matron in charge, the whole school hurried to help in the fight against the sea.

Breakfast was late next morning, and as the boys had been up half the night the master announced that there would be no school that day. About twelve o'clock Mr. Arnold went up to see Jack, whom he found awake and quite himself.

"Is there any news of Mr. Jarvis, sir?" was Jack's first question.

"None at all. I have telephoned to the police, and they are searching for him. Now, Jack, if you are able, I want you to tell me what you have been doing."

So Jack told him the whole story. The only thing he kept back was

about Paul Endacott's losing his money.

"You have had a lucky escape, Jack," said the master gravely.

"I am very glad to have you back."

"And I can't tell you how glad I am to be back, sir," replied Jack.

"But about the farm, sir?"

The other shook his head. "That is finished, Jack," he said. "I shall have to sell out, and find a post again as assistant master."

Jack went rather white.

"But you shall come with me, Jack," promised Mr. Arnold.

"I wasn't thinking of myself, sir," Jack answered quietly.

"No, I am sure you were not," said the master, and then there was silence. It was broken by a loud knock, and Ben Endacott hurried in.

"My brother is here, sir," he exclaimed.

"Paul!" cried Jack. "What has he come for?"

Paul himself pushed by his brother. He was very excited.

"George Gibbs come back this morning and said you was drowned, Jack. What did he want to tell a lie like that for?"

"Don't blame him, Paul," said Jack. "I nearly was drowned."

"That man Jarvis assaulted him most brutally, Endacott," said Mr. Arnold.

"Jarvis," snapped Paul. "Aye, Mr. Fearon didn't like him. That's why he give me them letters to take care of so Jarvis shouldn't have them."

"What letters?" asked Mr. Arnold quickly.

Paul drew a packet out of the pocket of his shabby coat. "Here they be, sir. I was talking of 'em to Jack, and that minded me to bring 'em along."

Mr. Arnold took them, and Paul began to question Jack about the previous night. Suddenly Mr. Arnold sprang to his feet with a shout which startled them both.

"He did leave money, after all," he cried.

"Who did?" gasped Jack.

"Mr. Fearon. Here are records of his investments. Ten thousand pounds or more. Paul, you and Jack between you have saved me. I shall have money to drain this Marsh, mend the sea wall, stock the farm, and put up new buildings."

Paul's old face beamed. "I'm real glad, sir," he cried. "You been so good to Jack here you deserves a bit of luck."

"You shall share it," declared Mr. Arnold, his face aglow.

The door was flung open and Bess ran in. "What is the matter, Russell?"

"Everything that's good, Bess. The missing money is found, and the school is safe. And we owe it all to Jack and Paul here."

Bess laughed happily. "How splendid! And what are you going to do for Jack, Russell?"

"Adopt him. He'd make a good brother, wouldn't he, Bess?"

Bess flung her arms round Russell's neck. "You couldn't say anything nicer," she vowed. She ran to the door. "I must tell Gerald," she called.

A few minutes later there was a roar of cheering down below.

"She's told more than Gerald," grinned Jack.

Jarvis was never again seen or heard of. Whether he was drowned in the flood or made his escape no one knows. Jenner, quite reformed, stayed on for another term, while Paul Endacott came back to the school and helped on the farm, which is now flourishing greatly.

As for Soper, he had had his lesson, and today the boys wander over his farm as if it were their own. Emmett and Lewin will do no more harm for some time to come, for both were sent to prison for a long term. Jack still runs the farm, and Bingo helps. Later, Jack is to go to a big agricultural college, where he hopes to take a scholarship.

THE END

Who Was He?

## The Angelic Painter

GIOTTO, the little shepherd boy who was found by Cimabue drawing on stone and was taken to Florence to learn painting, was the founder of Italian Art.

Exactly half a century after he died there was born in Tuscany, not far from the birthplace of Giotto, a little boy who also loved art, and at a very early age began to earn his living by illuminating choral books.

Although his father was probably a farmer, there must have been an artistic tendency in the family, for this little boy had a brother who also had a gift for painting. The brothers were very devout and, while still boys, both determined to become friars.

Together they entered the Dominican monastery at Fiesole, and the elder of the two, whose family name had been Guido, was now called Brother Giovanni.

Later the monastery was transferred to Florence, under the name of San Marco, and there it became the home of a number of famous monks, of whom Giovanni was one.

It was in the monastery of San Marco that much of his long and peaceful life was spent, and there he painted beautiful pictures which are prized by lovers of art today. Giovanni did not want to separate his art from his religion, and peopled his canvases with angelic forms wrought from the colours of his rich imagination.

It has been said that he sought his inspiration from Heaven and from Heaven he thought it came. Pacing the quiet cloisters of his monastery, he would suddenly stop, his face turning pale with excitement as he realised that a conception for a new picture had come to him, and till he could paint the picture he would spend sleepless nights praying in the monastery chapel for help.

He often painted the Saviour while on his knees, and once a picture had been finished he never retouched it. He never worked for pay and never painted a picture that was not intended to inspire high and lofty sentiments in the beholder. He sought to paint not so much the body as the soul.

He was summoned by the Pope to Rome to paint pictures for him there, and in Rome he lived for the last ten years of his life, dying there when he was 68. He was always remarkably humble and declined the Archbishopric of Florence as too great an honour. He was a true friend to the poor and

was never known to be angry. Partly because of his character and partly because of the subjects he painted he was called the Angelic Painter. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







# There's Ever a Song Our Hearts May Hear



## Dr. MERRYMAN

A TOWN girl who was spending a holiday in the country told the farmer that a bull had looked at her very savagely. "Well," said the farmer, "no doubt it objected to that red coat you are wearing."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the town girl in surprise. "I know this coat is dreadfully out of fashion, but I should never have thought a bull would have noticed it."

### Beheaded Word

WHEN o'er the waves the vessel flies,  
Her mast and sails my whole sustain;  
Behead, though vast my length and size,  
I move with swiftness o'er the plain;  
Again behead, come when I will,  
The farmer frets and grumbles still.

Answer next week

WHEN is a tree as comfortable as a bed? When it is down.

### Is Your Name Leverett?

THIS name, according to Dr. Weekley, is derived from the French surname Levraut, which means a leveret, or young hare. It may have been given in the first place to a person who had something to do with hares, or because of some likeness to the hare, such as swiftness in running.

### Full Measure

MR. JONES: "Did you ask the milkman why there is never any cream on our milk?"  
Mrs. Jones: "Yes; and I think his explanation was very creditable to him. He said that he always fills the jug so full that there is no room for the cream."

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

AT Christmas-time, some years ago,  
There was a goodly fall of snow;  
But, mark me, were it not for me,  
That snow had ne'er been seen by thee.  
Oh, see far out on yonder bay  
That little ship, o'erwhelmed with spray,  
Now sinking low, now rising high;  
She sends me far into the sky.  
A troop went out to march one day,  
I think 'twas in the month of May,  
And by the trampling of their feet  
They scattered me about the street.  
I'm seen in many shapes, 'tis true;  
I'm red, I'm white, I'm black, I'm blue;  
I'm large, I'm small, I'm short,  
I'm long,  
And yet by wind I'm blown along.  
At sea I'm dreaded by the tar,  
And by the soldier in the war,  
Because they cannot see to fight,  
For I sometimes obscure the light.

Solution next week

WHAT is the difference between a burglar and a wig?  
One has false keys and the other has false locks.

### I Told You So!



CRIED Snorum, "On the garden wall  
This warning I will post today,  
So that these pot-plants, large and small,  
May know what weather's on the way.  
Then if they suffer blight and pain  
Because indoors they didn't go,  
I shall be able to explain:  
'It serves you right! I told you so!'"

### A Phunny Aphair

THE following notice is said to have appeared many years ago in the first number of a local paper published in the west of America:

We begin the publication of this paper with some phew diphphlicuties in the way.

The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phaled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come.

We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the paper going aphter a phashion.

### When Pigs Fly

A WORRIED old whale inquired, "Why  
Can't I spread out my flippers and fly?"  
"When the pigs take the air  
You will also be there!"  
Was a dolphin's sarcastic reply.

WHAT trees are not affected by fire?  
Ashes, because when burned they are still ashes.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? Bill

A Riddle in Rhyme. Happiness

## Jacko Takes the Baby Out

JACKO loved market day. What with the extra traffic on the roads, and the flocks being driven through the streets, the town was pretty certain to be in a state of confusion. And the more pandemonium there was, of course, the more Jacko enjoyed it.

There was always a chance of earning an honest penny, too. Once Jacko chased a cow out of a garden, and had a sixpence given him by the owner of the garden and another by the owner of the cow! And ever since then he had never missed a market day if he could help it.

He was just running out of the house one morning when Mrs. Jacko stopped him. "I want Baby taken out," she said. Jacko's face was a study. There was nothing he disliked more than pushing the baby's go-cart: if he had to keep an eye on the baby all the time, there wasn't much chance of any fun for himself.

But Mrs. Jacko didn't take any notice of his black looks. She dressed the baby in his outdoor things, and strapped him into his go-cart, and told Jacko to be off.



The baby wasn't frightened, but the pigs were

Of course, Jacko headed for the market as usual, though, as he said, "a fellow couldn't have any fun with a baby in tow." And the baby was a handful, and no mistake. He wouldn't sit still in his cart, and just when they got to the market the strap that held him in broke, so that Jacko didn't dare to leave him.

"Coo! Here's a go!" he said, looking round him in disgust. There was plenty of noise going on in the middle of the market, and he badly wanted to go and see what it was all about.

Suddenly he caught sight of a farmer's cart standing by itself with nobody to look after it. It was quite empty, but the farmer had evidently brought some livestock to market, because there was a netting over the top.

"The very thing!" exclaimed Jacko. In a jiffy he had lifted up the netting and popped the baby into the cart underneath it. Then he went off on his own devices.

But he hadn't been gone long before he heard a terrific hulla-balloo, and when he ran back to the cart there was a to-do.

The farmer had come back to his cart with three baby pigs that he had bought, and, not noticing anything wrong, had shot them in under the netting with the baby!

The baby wasn't a bit frightened, mercifully. But, if you could judge by the din they were making, the pigs were.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### A Fight for a Lamb

Some members of a New Zealand club have lately had an interesting experience.

They went rock climbing at Titahi Bay, and witnessed a fight between a shag and a ewe, in which the ewe was defending its lamb against the onslaughts of the bird.

It is very unusual for a shag to attack lambs, and as soon as it approached the lamb the mother dashed at it. Several times the shag tried to get at the lamb, only to find the mother interposing, and at last the ewe managed to strike the shag and partially disable it.

Seeing the bird unable to fly, the ewe immediately went after it and rolled on it, further disabling it, upon which some of the climbers caught and killed it.

### La Lutte pour l'Agneau

Certains membres d'un Club Néo-Zélandais ont fait récemment une observation intéressante. Ils escaladaient des rochers dans la baie de Titahi, lorsqu'ils furent témoins d'un combat entre un nigaud et une brebis, au cours duquel la brebis défendait son agneau contre les attaques de l'oiseau.

Il est très rare qu'un nigaud attaque des agneaux, et, dès qu'il s'approcha de l'agneau, la mère s'élança sur l'oiseau. A plusieurs reprises, le nigaud essaya d'atteindre l'agneau, mais chaque fois la mère s'interposa; enfin la brebis réussit à asséner un coup au nigaud et à l'estropier en partie.

Voyant que l'oiseau ne pouvait voler, la brebis le pourchassa aussitôt et se roula sur lui, augmentant ainsi son impuissance, sur quoi, certains des ascensionnistes l'attrapèrent et le tuèrent.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Miss Clarke's Crabs

JOEY and Jill lived in a big town; that was why it was so jolly when Miss Clarke asked them to stay with her at her seaside cottage. It was so near the beach they could hear the sea roaring all night, and the seagulls came to breakfast with Miss Clarke's hens.

There were rocks on the shore; and when the tide went out the pools round them were full of the loveliest things, of shells, shrimps, sea-anemones, and the tiniest crabs.

Sometimes the children paddled right out to the biggest rocks, and there they saw great crabs scuttling about; and they thought how dreadful it was for people to catch them and eat them when they were so happy.

Two or three days before Joey and Jill went home, Miss Clarke went to the village shop and left them to take care of the cottage.

She hadn't been gone long before a man drove up in a little donkey-cart and asked the children:

"Where's the missus?"

"She's out," answered Jill.

"Well, it don't matter. Tell her I've brought her a sack of crabs." He put a big sack into the little garden and drove away.

"Oh, Joey! How dreadful!" cried Jill.

"Surely Miss Clarke doesn't eat crabs," said Joey.

But when Miss Clarke came back the first thing she said to them was:

"Did old Jacob bring my crabs?"

"Yes. Oh, Miss Clarke," cried the children, "what will you do with them?"

"Why, eat them, of course,



"She's out," said Jill

silly-billies, and you shall help me."

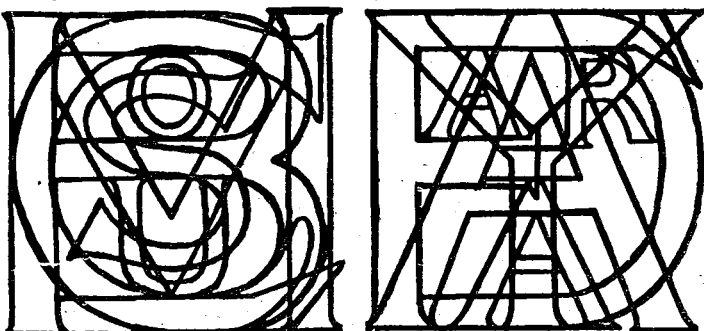
"Never!" cried Joey and Jill together. "How cruel!"

But the cruel Miss Clarke marched into the garden, cut open the sack, and out tumbled hundreds of tiny bright red apples!

"There they are—a fine sack of crab-apples, you little duffers, and tomorrow we'll turn them into the nicest jelly you've ever tasted!"

And so they did, and very delicious it was.

## Monograms of Discoverers



These two monograms are composed of the letters in the names of two great discoverers. Can you find out who they are?

Solution next week



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

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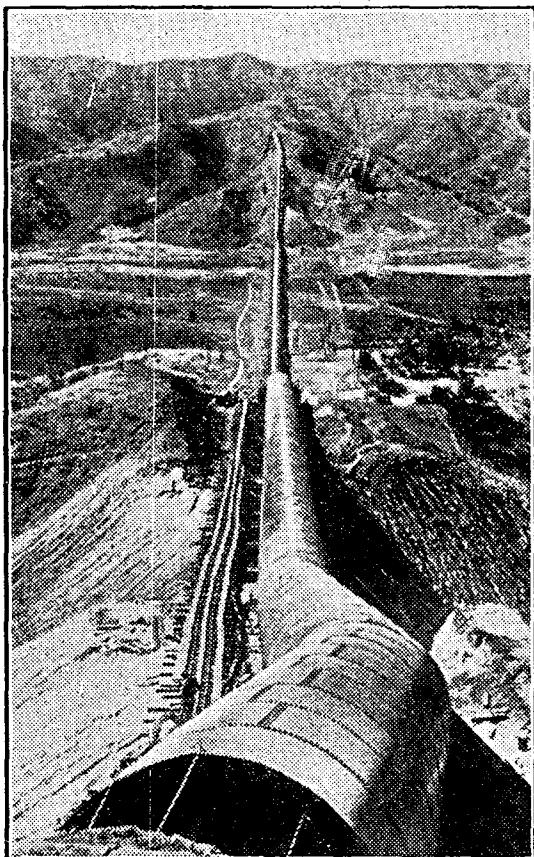
## LORD ALLENBY IN CAIRO · A RAIDED AQUEDUCT · RAILWAY EXHIBITION



Lord Allenby Looks Out Over the Nile—This picture shows Lord and Lady Allenby with two native servants looking out across the Nile from the grounds of the Residency in Cairo



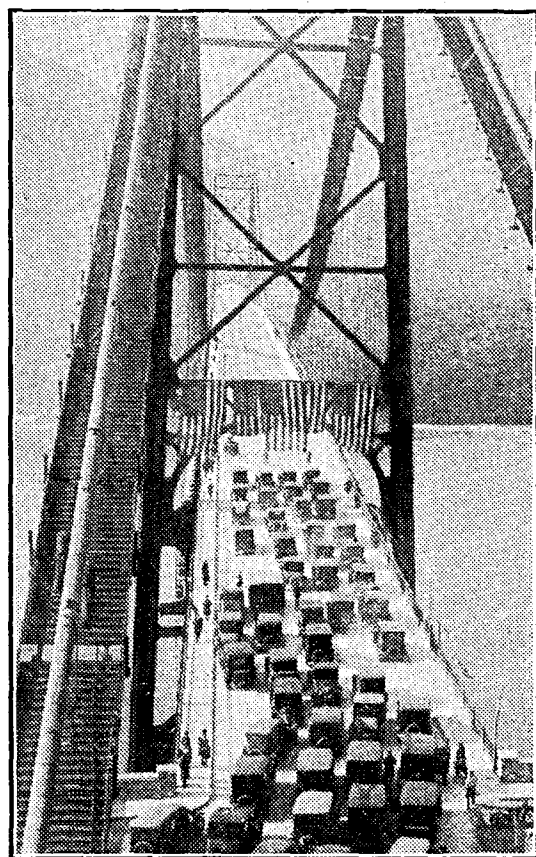
Sailor Boys Dance the Hornpipe—These jolly little sailor boys on board the Stork training ship in the Thames at Hammersmith are practising the hornpipe for this week's festivities



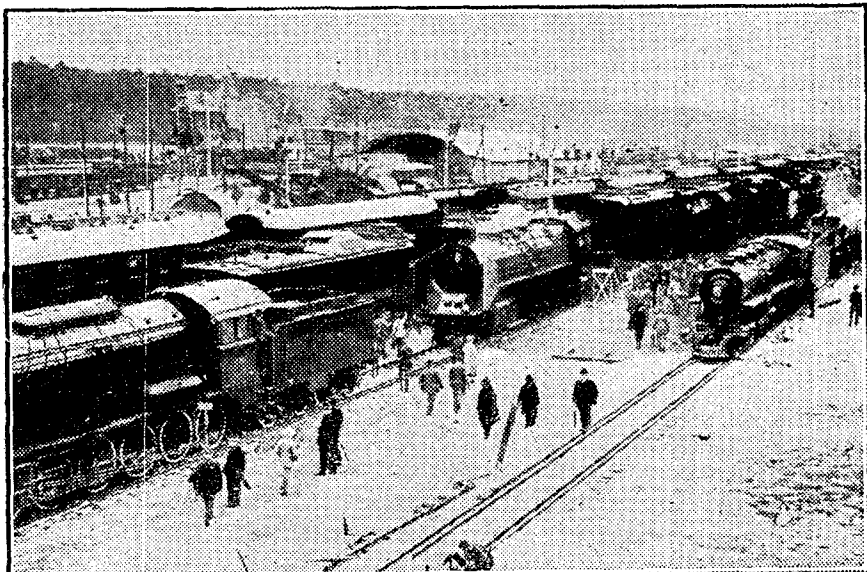
The Aqueduct that Was Tapped—Here is the great aqueduct which carries water from the hills to Los Angeles. Recently it was tapped by armed raiders, who diverted the water as a protest against delay by the authorities in settling a dispute as to water rights



The Prize Pig Goes for a Walk—This curious scene was witnessed in the streets of Islington, London, when a pig breeder took his prize animal for a walk near the Agricultural Hall to reduce its weight, as it was too heavy for its class in the Smithfield Show. The walking pig attracted a good deal of attention in the streets



The New Bridge Opens for Traffic—This picture shows the opening of the new Bear Mountain Bridge over the Hudson River near Peekskill, New York, which has the longest suspended span in the world. It was built in record time, having been started in April last year



A Railway Exhibition—A railway exhibition has just been held in Berlin, where all the latest types of locomotives, self-emptying trucks, and coaches made in Germany were shown



Nine Little Maidens On a Bough—These happy maidens sitting on the bough of a tree are scholars at the Knox School, Cooperstown, New York, and are ready for a cross-country run

## CIVILISATIONS OLDER THAN THE HUMAN RACE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY

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